

THE MONTH

APRIL, 1947

Vol. CLXXXIII EIGHTY-THIRD YEAR

No. 958

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PUBLISHED BY LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LTD.

43 Albert Drive, London, S.W.19

EDITORIAL OFFICES:

114 Mount Street, London, W.1

MANAGER'S ADDRESS:

Manresa Press, Roehampton, S.W.15, to which Annual Subscriptions,
20s. post free (U.S.A. \$4.50), should be sent.

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THE MONTH

A Catholic Review, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, and edited
from : 114 MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

PUBLISHED BY LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LTD.
43 Albert Drive, London, S.W.19

THE MONTH WAS FOUNDED IN 1864, and among its earliest contributors were Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Newman, Newman's well-known *Dream of Gerontius* first appeared in its pages. It is now in its 83rd year.

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(From January, 1947) : £1 per annum (*eleven* numbers, post free).
Individual numbers : Two Shillings each (plus postage).

Orders and Subscriptions to : THE MANAGER,
MANRESA PRESS :: ROEHAMPTON :: LONDON, S.W.15

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VOL. CLXXXIII

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

After Good Friday

ON one occasion, if not more, during the war an Easter message was broadcast from Britain to the Christians of occupied countries on the Continent. It ran as follows: "After Good Friday comes Easter Sunday. Christ is Risen. Alleluia." The message was sent out in the names of Cardinal Hinsley, the Anglican Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council. In an applied sense, it looked forward to the liberation and liberty which would make an end of those dark years of occupation. More literally, it proclaimed a fundamental Christian truth. The triumph of Christ was achieved after and through suffering; Christ was victorious only after and through apparent defeat. "Was it not necessary"—so ran Christ's own argument to the disciples, with whom He walked on Easter Day to Emmaus, as He unfolded to them the significance of the prophecies—"was it not necessary that Christ should suffer and so enter into His glory?" Through His Passion and Death Christ redeemed mankind, and in that Passion He gave the most vivid and striking manifestation of the Divine love for man. To unheeding minds, the life of Christ seemed to come to its close, when the thunder crashed over the hill of Calvary and lightning threw into so cruel a relief the limp and bruised body of the Son of Man, a moment after He had commended His soul and His life's work into the Father's hands. That very night, the Paschal moon touched with its chilly radiance the grim stark outline of the cross; the Saviour's body rested peacefully in the tomb. Yet—after Good Friday—the Easter sun illuminates that cross with a new warmth and radiance; the stone is rolled back from the sepulchre; the angel declares: *Resurrexit sicut dixit*, He has risen as He foretold. Throughout the Church resounds the Easter note of joy: Christ is Risen. Alleluia.

Easter is the Christian's great festival of joy. It is joy, in the first place, that reflects the joy of Christ. Christ is Risen. Over are the years of work and toil. Realised is that experience of our human condition, which He set out—so deliberately, laboriously, painfully—to achieve. That experience culminated in the most laborious and painful hours of all, the Passion and the Death. Yet, over that Passion has He now triumphed; from that Death He has arisen to new and wonderful life. The great drama of our redemption has

been carried through, and it concludes, not in death, as the colours and chants of the Church's liturgy of Holy Week might have seemed to presage, but in that Resurrection that has triumphed over death. Christ is Risen. Alleluia.

It is a festival of joy again because the Resurrection has set the surest seal of hope and security upon the Christian's life. Christ has triumphed. The Christian too can triumph, and modestly share in Christ's triumph, if only, responding to the grace of God, he direct his life towards God and lead it in God's service, if only he be ready to share, albeit modestly, in Christ's experience of effort and sacrifice. For him that same sequence stands fast ; after Good Friday comes Easter Sunday.

The Easter Sign

ON more than one occasion Christ had pointed to His Resurrection as the great sign of His Mission. It was the "sign of Jonas the prophet," that would convert or confound His critics, when all other signs were denied them. It was "the temple of His body" which His enemies would "dissolve," yet which would be rebuilt within three days. And though it was to be no easy task to convince the apostles and disciples of the reality of this mystery, none the less, once they were solidly convinced, this mystery would form the main argument in their preaching. "This Jesus, whom you crucified, God hath raised from death"—how frequently is this repeated in the Acts of the Apostles ! Their hearers were called upon to accept Christ and the truth of Christ, because Christ had risen from the dead, because apparent failure had been crowned with the evidence of splendid glory, because after Good Friday came Easter Sunday. This was the sign which Christ had given ; this was the truth, emphasized by the apostles and proclaimed by the Church. Indeed, so much was seen to depend upon the Resurrection that St. Paul made it, not only the guarantee of happiness and glory for the Christian but almost the very basis of survival itself. "If Christ be not risen, then our faith is in vain." Strong words, indeed.

Easter has dawned this year over a troubled, depressed and bewildered world. That world needs to know something of the Easter joy, as it sadly requires to be brought back to the solidity and security of Christian truth. More and more is it evident that what divides men to-day, what differentiates between their minds and purposes, is their belief—or lack of it—in an after-life. Does man survive after death ? Or is death the end of life ? Upon your answer to that vital question hangs your philosophy of man. And from your philosophy of man proceed your views on morality, on the purpose of life itself, on the relation of man to his environment and to the community in which he lives, on social welfare and reform. If man survives, then there is in man something that transcends all material needs and

problems, an element, a factor, fashioned for a destiny higher than can be provided for in or by this world. Man has then a personal worth and dignity ; he has certain inalienable rights which no earthly authority should violate or deny. But, if not, if there be no survival, what is there special in a man, which can demand the respect and consideration of other men ? In this case, he falls back limply into the community of which he is a natural member—be it class or society or State. These are left the arbiters of his condition and his happiness. Behind so much that is termed “ modern thought ” lies this denial of man’s survival, which equivalently is the denial of the “ spiritual ” element in man. But, if man is nothing more than a higher-class animal, then all he needs or can expect is some higher-class, more hygienic and more commodious, Zoo ; this is, in fact, what the totalitarian planners have in mind for him. All the powerful means at the disposal of modern authority—radio, press, education, psychological conditioning—are employed to disabuse man of any belief in survival and to make him content and industrious in his twentieth-century Zoo. Under Marxist doctrine, particularly in its Russian form, there is this fanatical denial of man’s survival, that there is nothing to which he can raise his eyes, above or beyond this world, that the one ambition to be achieved is a this-worldly, materialistic Utopia, from which God is banished and all notions of heaven and an after-life are dismissed as dangerous hallucination. Dostoevski foresaw this clearly in the dialogue he introduced into his novel, “ The Brothers Karamazov,” between Christ and a character who is known as the Great Inquisitor. The latter reproaches Christ for having sought to impose upon men burdens that are too heavy for them to bear. Christ, says the Inquisitor, has urged men to be free and responsible, whereas the great majority of them would much prefer to let this responsibility slide and have their lives arranged for them, and their necessities provided. Christ has called on them to aspire to the bread of Heaven, yet they would far rather think only of the bread of this earth, and gladly barter everything else for a measure of comfort and security in this life. A different note of this-worldliness is found in the “ existentialist ” writers of to-day. For them, this sublunary life is all there is ; death is the one great problem ; man’s destiny consists in facing it, with heroic courage or even in a mood of cynicism, which rejects the whole of existence as absurd. On this particular expression of this-worldliness, please consult two articles in *THE MONTH* for 1947 by Fr. F. C. Copleston : “ What is Existentialism ? ” (January) and “ The Philosophy of the Absurd ” (March).

In the face of these typically modern denials of the after-life and the consequent repudiation of man’s special dignity in creation and in the eyes of his Creator, the Easter note of joy is a rousing protest. Away with these base and unworthy and false, and at the same time these gloomy and miserable ideas ! Christ Risen. Our Easter

faith takes us aloft to the thought of Christ, radiant and triumphant now, and allowing us to breathe and hope and live in that Easter atmosphere.

Easter Lessons

THE accounts which the evangelists give us of the Risen Life, between the Resurrection and the Ascension, are very slight. Only the last chapters of St. Luke and St. John are circumstantial in their detail. Yet they are sufficient to bring home to us anew the extraordinary kindness, condescension and humanity of the Risen Christ. He does not make Himself known to the apostles abruptly ; He knows they are scarcely prepared for such a shock. Consequently, He prepares them. The fact that He had risen is brought home, first of all, to what might be termed minor characters in the gospel story ; to the holy women, who have hastened to the sepulchre on that Sunday morning, to complete their task of anointing and arranging the body of their Master ; to Magdalen ; to the two disciples on their way to Emmaus. After each appearance, the report is taken back to the apostles, and it is obvious that they are not in the least " psychologically conditioned " to accept it. Even when the disciples have hurried back from Emmaus to tell the apostles of their own remarkable experience, they are informed that the Lord has appeared, but only individually, to Peter and James. The ground is being made ready. The first report of Christ's Resurrection was received with scepticism ; a second, maybe, with a dawning hope, " If only it could be true " ; a third, perhaps, with the question, " After all, why couldn't it be true ? " and no doubt the memory of His words, wholly forgotten under the cruel stress of the Passion.

Only when this work of preparation is deemed sufficient does Our Lord show Himself to the apostles as a body. They are now well-nigh convinced. But this sudden appearance through the closed door leaves them speechless. The " Can it be ? " and " Is it really so ? " have not resolved themselves into the emphatic " Of course, it is." How gently and sympathetically He adapts Himself to the unspoken queries in their minds ! " Has a spirit flesh and blood, as you see Me to have ? " ; " Touch My hands and arms to see that it is really Myself." And, while they still hesitate—more now from embarrassment than doubt—He goes to the table, where are the remnants of their evening meal, and eats before their eyes. Even so, with just those mannerisms, with just that smile, did He eat with them in the old days—not long ago, but seeming so far away with those dreadful experiences of the Passion in between. " Yes, it is"—the last veil falls from their eyes. Their lips frame the confession which the absent Thomas is not yet there to make : " My Lord and My God."

Follows an interval of a week. Thomas hears over and over again of their experience ; their recovered belief is a barrier between them

and himself, and drives him to obstinacy. He will not believe, unless certain conditions—unreasonable, impertinent—are fulfilled. Until he, Thomas, can put his fingers into the wounds in Our Lord's hands and feet, and put his hand into the wound in Our Lord's side, he will not believe. The days pass. Thomas's mood of obstinacy is weakening. "If only he could believe, like the rest"—but, of course, now he really does. Again, Christ appears to the apostles; Thomas is with them. Christ does not reprove or reprimand. With that gentle condescension, which is the special mark of the Risen Life, He keeps Thomas to his conditions. Thomas must put his fingers into the wounds in the Master's hands, and his hand in his Master's wounded side. Only then comes the tender reprimand; and with it, the cry of valiant faith: My Lord and My God.

These appearances of the Risen Life call for meditation. They are as consoling in their lessons as the Easter message itself is saturated with the spirit of joy. Over them hangs a quiet mellow light, as though the common experiences of Master and disciples were here transmuted into something rich and wonderful and almost unearthly. The forty days of the Risen Life, and our forty days of Paschaltide, between Easter Sunday and the Ascension, are an interlude—an interlude between the stormy events of Holy Week and the work and labour and storm that are to begin again, when once the infant Church of Christ is launched upon its sea of apostolic endeavour, after the descent at Pentecost of the Holy Spirit.

Easter and the Supernatural Life

THERE remains one further ground for rejoicing, and profound rejoicing, at Eastertide. We have been redeemed through the Passion and Death of Christ; and the merits of that Passion and Death are communicated to the soul in the sacrament of Baptism. Yet, here again are we brought back to that fundamental truth: After Good Friday comes Easter Sunday. We cannot consider the Passion entirely by itself, for into God's plan for our Redemption the Resurrection enters as an integral part. Christ suffered; Christ died; but then, Christ rose again from death. Only through death came life; but that death, to achieve its purpose, had to be crowned with life. We speak of the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. To take away is, in a sense, negative; we have to ask what replaces that which was removed. In place of darkness there is now Light; where was death, is now Life. Christ's redemption of mankind, when applied to the individual soul, involves a new birth, a rebirth. "Unless a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." In baptism man is born again. In the language of St. Paul, we may emphasize, as he does, the way in which that man in the sacrament of regeneration, is associated with Christ both in the Passion and the Resurrection. Christ died; in this sacrament the

Christian dies. As Christ died, actually and physically, on the cross, so the recipient of baptism dies, spiritually and mystically, to the order of sin and evil and death. What St. Paul terms "the old man" is buried in a sacramental "death." But Christ rose from the dead; so too, those who are baptised. As Christ on Easter Day, physically and actually, rose from death to life, so the recipient of baptism rises, spiritually and mystically, to a new life and has now the energy and vitality of supernatural grace. There is both death and resurrection in baptism, as the Death and Resurrection of Christ were the two elements of God's redemptive plan for humankind.

Once more, Easter Sunday has come after Good Friday to complete and to fulfil. Eastertide is, accordingly and in especial manner, the season and festival of the supernatural life, of that transformation of human nature through Jesus Christ, of which the transmuting of water into wine at the Cana marriage feast was the significant symbol. Christ is Risen. Truly can we repeat our Alleluias. Through His Resurrection have we both full grounds for confidence and joy and that new and priceless dignity of supernatural life.

Our Present Problems

TO turn from seasonal thoughts of Eastertide to the consideration of our domestic problems. February and March of this year brought to a head the crisis which, had the winter been more moderate, would have developed more leisurely. Yet the crisis was there, and it would have very shortly shown itself. Inquest after inquest has been held on the economic situation, with a surprising unanimity of verdict. The situation is due, in part, to the consequences of two World Wars. We had not completely recovered from the first of these, industrially, when the second came upon us. And the effects of the second are only too plain. Assets abroad have been largely liquidated; we groan under a heavy burden of taxation and a huge National Debt. We are importing far more than can be balanced by our exports, except for the temporary expedient of the American and Canadian loans. Exports have been developed—that is true, but they have been assisted by two factors which again are temporary; the first, a policy of austerity at home; the second, a sellers' market almost everywhere in the world. Then, in spite of considerable imports, raw materials are scarce; nearly every department of reconstruction is being hampered by just this lack of material, of bricks, and steel and timber, as the people generally are short of anything more than a merely "adequate" supply of food. Most serious of all is the lack of sufficient coal—an extraordinary situation, when we remember that coal has always been the foundation of the industrial life of Britain and that Britain has the coal. It is universally admitted—the discordant voices are very few—that we are faced with two alternatives. Either there must be greater production, as a result of

closer national unity and harder work, so as to increase exports and provide a proper balance between what we import and what we send abroad, or there will inevitably be a decline in the standard of British living. It would be wrong and foolish to throw the blame for all this on the present Government. It would be equally foolish, however, not to point to certain tendencies, for which they have been responsible and which have aggravated the crisis, or to shut one's eyes to dangers that have to be confronted if the problems arising from the crisis are adequately to be resolved.

The Call to Unity

THE crisis naturally demands the maximum co-operation among the people of Britain. References have been made to the Dunkirk of 1940 and to the summons to unity that followed it, by a magisterial voice. The comparison is not, however, close and, with the possible exception of the Foreign Secretary, there is no such voice available on the Government benches. The unity of the British people is, of course, there fundamentally. But on this point a few plain words need to be said. It was a grave error on the Government's part to take it for granted that they had received a mandate from the elections of July, 1945, for a Socialist Britain. In the first place, they had no absolute majority; and secondly, a notable proportion of the electorate voted, as it always does in Britain, negatively rather than positively, that is, against the party that had more or less monopolized power for several years rather than for the Labour Party. The swing of the pendulum is a normal feature of Parliamentary elections in Britain, as in any democratic country; and it affects particularly the less politically-minded sections of the populace, with no special affinities to any of the parties and therefore with political opinions that sit lightly to all three of them. In any case, a Government is returned to Parliament, to govern; this means, to deal with the immediate problems of the community. The chief charge that is made against the present Government is that they have spent far too much time on preparing for 1956 and 1957, and far too little in facing the realities of 1946 and 1947, that they have planned for the future instead of dealing with the present. The case of the coal mines is to the point, and it is a very fair case. The mines have been nationalised. It is hoped that through nationalisation a better spirit will prevail in the coal industry and that, with the introduction of new machinery, this will result in easier and larger coal production. Certainly, the best case for nationalisation of any industry could be made and has been made for the mines. Now, even the most fervent advocates of nationalisation admit that time is required before we can reap the benefits. Meanwhile, what of the short-term policy? What of the nation's immediate requirements? It was admitted publicly that the Minister responsible, for Fuel and Power, consciously

"gambled" on a mild winter and hoped 'piously,' if that be the word, that the country would get through the winter somehow, anyhow, despite woefully insufficient stocks, in this all-important respect of coal. Add to this an inconsistency—what the *Manchester Guardian*, a paper supporting the Government, has termed a "shiftiness"—in ministerial statements, and there is plenty room for dissatisfaction and disquiet.

A second charge, not without justification, is that the Government has made too much Party capital out of its position. From one or two ministers has come a stream of abuse of British achievements prior to 1945, and it is noteworthy that the more abusive of them have shown themselves the most incompetent. To stress class interests instead of considering the welfare of the nation as a whole is to do what they have continually accused their opponents of doing. If it is wrong, it is wrong either way, and doubly wrong in a period of crisis.

But under all this there is a fundamental peril to which insufficient attention has been given. Democratic government, understanding the term *democracy* in its proper sense and not in that new-fangled manner which applies it equally to Western countries and to Asiatic despotisms, is possible only where there is agreement on certain fundamental points between all parties concerned. These parties will differ on some issues; one may place its emphasis on State-control, another on a larger individual enterprise. But they must meet together on the broad questions of the social and economic structure of the country. If they differ here, and differ so violently that no compromise is possible, you will very soon have an end of democratic Parliamentary government. The deeper that party divisions go, the greater the likelihood that, tactical reasons apart, this compromise will not be achieved. That is why, if a Communist Party were to grow to such dimensions that it became one of the two leading parties, democratic government would be no longer possible. Our present crisis has produced talk of a coalition Government. This is unlikely. The Conservatives, for political reasons, can scarcely risk it. The Government fear that it would split the Labour Party, within which an extreme Left wing is growing, if not in popular support, at least in self-expression and activity. What is more important is an agreement between Government and Opposition on the extent to which measures for nationalisation and other bills affecting the national life are to be brought forward. The time has come when mutual understanding on this point is necessary if the country is to enjoy that degree of unity which is essential in the coming years.

The Need for Production

THERE is no one, on paper at least, who will question the vital need for greater production in British industry. We have to export, to live; and to export, we have to work. Production has been

adversely affected by a shortage of material. That is inevitable, after the upheaval of war. Also by a shortage of manpower in industry, which, after the adjustments of war-time, is now unbalanced for peace production. On the whole, we have been slow to realise the resources of manpower that are available in the displaced persons on the Continent as also in the Poles, now being trained in the Resettlement Corps. That Trade Union leaders, with their memories of the 1930's and a national figure of two million unemployed, should be afraid of foreign labour is intelligible, but it would be foolish if they continued to see problems of post-war through pre-war spectacles. Many of the unions have now consented, somewhat reluctantly, to permit a small percentage of fresh labour from the Continent. Experience will perhaps encourage them to adopt a bolder policy. They cannot hope for many more men from the services, since British forces abroad have been reduced to a bare minimum, considering the national commitments. Some recruitment is possible from "non-essential" occupations (the high place which the "pools" industry occupies in Britain is alarming), though the trend towards State-control must increase the number of officials and bureaucrats. The manpower position has recently been made more difficult for the Government by the refusal of the Trade Unions to accept strict manpower control. That is why Sir Stafford Cripps, in the House of Commons, was compelled to insist that the planning envisaged was "democratic planning," not "totalitarian planning." Not that one wanted planning of the latter sort! But in effect it meant that a Government advocating planning is unable effectively to plan and must do what it can through encouragement and persuasion, to the accompaniment, no doubt, of some regulation and officialdom.

This setback in the control of manpower is an advantage except from the pure planner's point of view. It should force the country back to more genuine co-operation between the two sides of industry, the employers and the workers, and indeed in this respect considerable advances have been made in Britain in the past three decades, not least during the recent war. It is neither good nor healthy for the Government to interfere in industry except to protect the general interests of the community and, in a highly complicated society like our own, to organize schemes of social welfare—for ill-health, old-age, unemployment—which could not be adequately provided in any other manner. One of the worst consequences of Marxist propaganda has been the assumption that industrial relations between the two sides in question must inevitably be those of conflict, to be resolved, in the Marxian ideology, by the revolutionary triumph of the workers. Actually, there has been growing rapprochement between these sides, and this rapprochement needs to be further consolidated.

The problem of greater production remains and it is one of the Government's most serious concerns. How is this to be realised with

the campaign for shorter hours? In 1945 alone, two million workers secured shorter working hours. Since then, the engineering industry has adopted a working week of 44 hours, and a five-day week is to be introduced into the coal mines. The Government's economic survey declared that "the nation cannot afford shorter hours of work unless these can be shown to increase output per man-year." The problem of shorter hours is intimately linked with that of increased wages. Mr. Ness Edwards, replying for the Government in the debate of March 19th, insisted that the proposal to offer increased wages in industries that were undermanned, in order to attract more labour, was both impracticable and fraught with danger.

Coal

IMPOSSIBLE to conclude these remarks on the present crisis without some reference to the coal problem. This winter British industry was severely dislocated, and the people of Britain seriously incommoded, by the lack of coal. The coal is there. Yet not sufficient was mined for domestic consumption, quite apart from the fact that coal is by far the most acceptable commodity for export. With the coming of spring, the difficulties of domestic heating become less evident, but industry has to continue throughout the summer with reduced supplies. The mining industry is now under the National Coal Board. The remedy for which the Labour Party and the miners themselves have clamoured for so long has at last been applied. Time will be required for the provision of new machinery, but basically their new and desired situation has been created. They have now their major incentive for steady work. Yet, after less than two months from the switch-over the secretary of the Mineworkers was talking about the need for extra incentives, more food for the miners, nylon stockings for their wives—incentives that smacked of the "bad old days" of private ownership. Valid reasons could be adduced for giving heavy manual workers some extra rations. It is the policy adopted by the Allied Control Commission in Germany. The present Government, however, does not relish the idea, fearing it as the thin end of the wedge and realising that it would have difficulty in restricting such privileges to any one heavy industry.

The representatives of the Mineworkers have promised to co-operate with the Government in producing the target figure of 200,000,000 tons of coal during 1947. They have even stated that this figure is too low, as indeed it is, and that more labour must be recruited for the mines. The Minister for Fuel and Power, not long before, had declared that the number of mineworkers was at present quite sufficient. But let us understand what this involves and see what the problems are. Recently, Mr. Ebby Edwards, Labour member of the Coal Board, declared :

The number of man shifts (in coal mining) lost between 1940 and 1946 was 5,606,000. If nationalisation cannot reduce that figure, it will have failed in this industry. Output in 1941 was 206,344,300 tons. In 1946, when nationalisation was guaranteed, output dropped by 26,000,000 tons. The manpower in each year was nearly equal, but the overall rate of absenteeism rose from 9 per cent. in 1941 to 16 per cent. in 1946.

Speaking on March 17th, the Earl of Balfour, chairman of the Scottish division of the Coal Board, put the position very clearly. After paying a sincere tribute to all those who had helped to lessen the effect of the shortage of coal during February and the first half of March, he declared that the standard of work in the coal pits had shown a very marked decline. The average absenteeism, he said, was roughly double what it had been before the war, though he added, as he was referring to the Scottish coal fields, that the rate was lower there than in any other part of Britain. It was a mistake, in his judgment, to indulge in optimistic comparisons between 1947 and 1946. The reality must be faced that the output of the miners per man year in 1938 was 336.6 tons, whereas in 1946 it was 286.5—a drop of 50.1 tons per man year. He admitted there were subsidiary factors which affected this figure. In the first place, a decline in manpower did influence the output per man. There were many non-productive jobs which must be fully manned before a colliery could work at all. There had been, secondly, the difficulty of obtaining mining supplies, though here the position was now improving. And, in the third place, owing to the housing shortage, many miners had to travel long distances from their homes to the pits, with obvious consequences for their work and their attendance. But, all allowance made for their subsidiary factors, the rate of production had very definitely decreased. Referring to Scotland, he stated that just over one-seventh of the coal had been mined on Saturday and in the week-end shifts incidental to a Saturday. Now that the five-day week was being introduced, this meant that, merely to keep production up to its present figure, a 17 per cent. increase of output was required on each of the five working days. Taking into account our urgent needs, the output for the five days must be increased by 21 per cent., and those collieries which were better provided than others in the matter of haulage and winding capacity should aim at an increase of 25 per cent. per day. “Unless we get that,” he concluded, “I have, quite frankly, very little hope that next winter will be very much better than this one.” It is good that this position and its responsibility should be widely understood.

A New Policy in the U.S.A.

THE change in the foreign policy of the United States, outlined in President Truman's message to Congress, is of the highest significance. The extension of financial aid to Turkey and Greece is no isolated event but the beginning of a new approach and a more

realistic approach to foreign affairs. The U.S. decision has been taken because the United Nations' Organization is unable to act with sufficient speed and resolution and its action is permanently crippled by Big Power veto. The President declared that it is an object of U.S. policy to assist Greece to develop a "self-supporting and self-respecting democracy"; and Turkey to preserve her integrity and independence. Turkish integrity, he noted, was necessary for the preservation of order in the Middle East. And, in this matter, Turkey and Greece were closely linked. "If Greece should fall under the control of an armed minority, the effect upon its neighbour, Turkey, would be immediate and serious. Confusion and disorder might well spread throughout the entire Middle East."

How notable a change this is, can be seen from a contrast between 1920 and 1947. Then, the United States Government was unable or unwilling to join Britain in a guarantee of France against renewed German attack. Now, it is giving to Greece and Turkey the equivalent of a guarantee against the aggressive policy of Russia. Further, the U.S.A. is putting itself in the position of Defender No. 1 of the Dardanelles, thereby bringing in the New World with a vengeance to continue the nineteenth-century politics of the Old. Then, the Concert of European Powers—Britain, France, Prussia and Austria—once through war in the Crimea, but more frequently by diplomacy, as at the Congress of Berlin, checked Russian ambitions in the South and West. Now, it appears that the policy must be continued by American as well as European countries, with the United States in the lead. So clearly are the major issues of foreign policy decided not by elections but by geography. From this it follows naturally that the United States is now a Mediterranean Power, on the same terms and for much the same reasons as Britain. Critics of this new development, especially in Britain, where it has bewildered the extreme Left wing of the Labour Party, have denounced the President for dictating to Russia and the world from the top of an oil barrel. The question of oil may enter. But the United States is not the only country interested in the oil and the security of the Middle East; and all powers to-day have their oil barrels, from which to "thump."

The change in U.S. policy is something far more fundamental and important than the mere care for American oil interests between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. Behind it is the admission that the "appeasement" attitude towards Russia and the countries, in which "an armed minority" has seized power, with the active support of Russia, has completely failed and, in the interests both of realism and democracy, must now be abandoned. Indeed, a serious parallel could be drawn between the alteration in British policy towards Germany in 1939, marked as it was by the guarantees to Poland, Greece and Roumania, and the present alteration in the attitude of the United States.

"THE GREATEST AND THE FIRST COMMANDMENT"

(MATT. XXII. 38)

THE whole course and character of our spiritual life depends upon the way in which we envisage God. If we think of Him principally as He stands in relation to our individual selves, then our spirituality will be principally self-centred. In that case our endeavour will be before all things our own betterment and advance, the conquest of what is bad in us, the development of what is good, resistance to temptation, aversion from sin : and our prayer will take most naturally the shape of petition, confession of guilt, thanksgiving for favours received, praise of God's goodness to us— in a word, of acts significant of our recognition of Him as creator, master, judge, last end. We will worship God as He is revealed to us in creation (that is, in relation to things and to ourselves) with ascending clearness and directness as we see Him the more clearly and directly expressed in the long line of life that stretches from the lowest forms of simple existence to the sublime complexity of man himself. The whole meaning of creation is, in fact, God : and there is not an existence, nor a quality of existence, material or spiritual, but is in its first intention some clue to Him, some revelation of Him—rightly understood, all truth is something about God. For the individual nature of every created thing consists in the manner in which it participates in the perfections of God, by a real participation (though not, of course, a real community) of being with His.

All this is right and good and inevitable and necessary : the Scriptures tell us that the man is inexcusable who does not recognize God thus. But, we ask, is this sufficient of itself? Will it, of itself, give us that really just vision of Him which we must have if our service of Him is to be the service not of our minds alone but of the whole of us? Will it lead us to the love of Him, real inward love as distinct from the effective outward love which we try to exhibit towards Him through obedience, reverence and praise? Will it give us love of Him as absorbing, possessing, and self-surrendering in its nature as is the love that we have for one another? "I will not have my thoughts of thee instead of thee," a poet has said : and again, "I do not think of thee, thou art too near me" : and is it not true, when all is said and done, that it is only thoughts of God (knowledge *about* Him) not God Himself (knowledge *of* Him) that the consideration of Him in His relation to ourselves and to all created things can give us? You cannot, in the true sense of the word, love the thought of a

person or thing with whom you have no direct acquaintance : you may be attracted by it and so be the better disposed to love the object when you do get to know it : but until then there can be no warmth, none of that restless urge towards the straitest possible union, the completest possible self-giving, which is the reality of love. Our Lord, repeating and revalidating the ancient injunction of the Law, has said that the greatest and first commandment—the Commandment which is all the commandments, the *unum necessarium* to which all other things are secondary and subsidiary—is to love God with the whole of oneself, with mind and heart and soul and every human faculty. Can we imagine ourselves giving love such as this to what we know only by hearsay, by images, by inference ?

It may be objected that love of God in such fullness is reserved for the life to come when all need for argument and deduction has ceased for ever and we have passed *ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*—"When the day dawns and the shadows flee away"—and that in our present state of existence it is unattainable, it is before us only as a distant ideal. This is doubtless true if we are thinking of that plenitude of union which will be consummated when faith and hope shall have ceased and charity be our only and unending act. But Our Lord cannot have been thinking of that alone : He was telling His hearers what they had to do *now* : and surely we need go no further than the example of the saints to satisfy ourselves that here, even here in this world of thought and imagination and sense, there is a way to go straight to God and fix our hearts, the whole of them, on Him—simply on Him.

So long as we see Him only as He affects ourselves, accommodated as it were to our own form, so long will He be to us but an aspect of Himself. To get to Him as He is in Himself we have to get away from our own selves : we have to curb our discursive intellect, dismiss our imagination, hold back the intrusion of our sensitive will. These cannot give us such love of Him as He asks of us—as well try to see with our ears or hear with our eyes or taste with our hands. There is no faculty under our own control with which we can seize Him : we must wait until He seizes us : and not by petition nor by thanksgiving nor by sorrow for sin can we adequately dispose ourselves for this, but only by sheer Adoration, by holding ourselves humbly before Him as confessing that we are (in the words of the Apocalypse) "wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked" and as asking, not by thought or by act but simply by silent attitude, that He should give Himself to us, even while we do not yet rightly know what it is that we are asking. For our minds cannot comprehend Him as He is, nor our imaginations picture Him, nor our sensitive wills go out to Him. Any light that these may seem to afford us is, by comparison with the Reality, darkness ; but the Darkness which falls upon us when they are still, is Light. For

God transcends as a direct object, the utmost reach of my intellectual grasp as a poem, for example, transcends the utmost apprehension of an irrational animal. My love of Him is not, and cannot be, attached to anything that I know of Him at first hand, by nature, experimentally—phrase it as you will. That from which it springs and of which it remains the activation is a super-natural gift almost equivalent, now that we have it, to a natural faculty, which is the direct sequence of sanctifying grace communicated to us through the Sacrament of Baptism. "Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it": of myself I have neither the materials nor the plan nor the skill. If I, relying on my own efforts, seek to pile up my structure (as I vainly hope, to the skies), I shall end as did the architects of Babel in confusion and defeat, for the God whom I aspire thus to love will be one made in my own image and likeness and never can such a one satisfy a heart which the true God has made larger than anything but Himself can fill.

All that remains to us, then, of our own is what St. Francis de Sales calls that "fine point" of the spirit, the intellectual will, which with no allurements of sense or reasoning to tempt it "pierces through all things to the All" (as St. John of the Cross expresses it) not by an independent power of its own but because being freed from the grossness of fancy and mental reflection, it must fly to its Pole which it now begins to know as it is since it can no longer know it as it knows other things. This is the starting-point of that true love of God of which the mystical writers tell us that when we have it most we know least that we have it—know, that is, with the kind of knowledge to which in other matters we attain by feeling, by imagination, by inference.

One might think, very naturally, that such a relation to God can come the way of none but a very few and chosen souls, and that it must be presumptuous for us ordinary persons to aspire to anything of the sort, for surely to pray like this is to meet God as it were upon His own plane? But what then becomes of that sanctifying, elevating, habitual grace, that adoptive sonship which is ours from the moment of our Baptism, of which St. Augustine has said that it admits us "into the very family of the Blessed Trinity"? Does it not mean that in fact we *are* taken into the very life of God, that we thereby *do* receive the power of performing acts which *are* "on His plane"? Upon that plane the Love of God is all that there is ("God is love," says St. John) and the very humblest Christian is free of it. It must consequently be within the competence of us all to reach out to God in this way, and there is no dearth of encouragement in the words of Christ to set our aim upon the highest that we can see—"Be ye therefore perfect," "If thou wilt be perfect."

To place ourselves, then, in the presence of God—deliberately to remind ourselves, that is, of His uninterrupted indwelling—and to keep ourselves there waiting upon His will, not caring what that

may be : not producing acts of reflection or desire whatever be our inclination, but should these arise passing them by as not germane to the present occasion however much we may need them at another time, being mindful of the words of the 45th Psalm, "Be still, and know that I am thy God" : not expecting "lights" or "consolations" nor wanting them, for we should know that these may easily divert the current of our attention from Him to ourselves : not fearing nor being discouraged by distractions, for though we cannot help their coming we do not want them to come : but all the while quietly, without haste or ambition or anxiety, calling ourselves back to that simple posture of attention and surrender by which we would imply that all that we want is God, not for *ourselves* but for *Himself*—this is to make a real (however obscure) beginning of that union with Him in which consists the whole significance of pure prayer which He, if we be faithful, will most indubitably charge Himself to deepen and complete.

Our conscience tells us, indeed, that in our approach to God we must first make use of those faculties of imagination and reflection with which He has endowed us precisely for that purpose, and all the great spiritual authorities insist upon the same thing. But actually, in themselves, these powers are no more efficacious, are hardly less of a hindrance, to the intimate apprehension of God to which we are invited, than was the water in regard of the holocaust of the Prophet Elias, which none the less at the command of God he poured over and around his sacrifice before the fire of the Lord struck down upon the altar and consumed it.

It is good, say the Scriptures, that a man should wait in silence for the salvation of the Lord. It is in the "still small voice," remote from the clash and the cloud of argument and speculation, that the unknown Truth guides and compels us, "making visible the invisible things of Him," and God presents Himself not to my imagination or to my intellect or to my sensitive will but to my *self* of which these are only functions. And then I wonder how I ever understood anything at all, lacking this awareness of Him, or what reality life could ever have held for me without it, for I find in the love of Him all other loves, and in all other loves the love of Him, as if a new dimension had been added to my universe and a new sense to my avenues of consciousness. We need not, and we should not, wait for a sort of ascetical "graduation" before we dare hope to approach God thus, for the two themes go together, each (like two strands of one cord) strengthening and being strengthened by the other : indeed it may justly be said that sanctification is rather the consequence than the cause of an intimacy with God in prayer which leads so surely to oneness with Him in love.

R. H. J. STEUART.

"AN AUSTRIAN, NOT A GERMAN"

FRANZ GRILLPARZER (1791-1872)

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago this January there died in Vienna a popular playwright whose last words have a strangely topical ring: "I am not a German, but an Austrian."

To understand Franz Grillparzer's love of Austria—and particularly of Vienna—as well as his contemptuous distrust for anything German, we must go back to the beginning of his life-story, patterned with triumph, disaster, elation and despair.

His father was a Doctor of Jurisprudence and a self-made man. The combination is significant: success was at once due to an inborn faculty for cold reasoning and to an intense hatred for emotional weakness. He consistently avoided society and made no attempt to understand his children. And so it was that young Franz, born in 1791, felt no tie of love or sympathy for his father. He hid his early attempts at verse from his parent, because the latter considered poetry to be affected, and he despised affectation. Indeed, he went so far as to prophesy a miserable end for his son if he cultivated his talent for verse. This forecast came perilously near fulfilment.

Only an occasional walk into the country relieved the circumscribed monotony of the Doctor's life. Sometimes he took his whole family with him and, amid the beauty of flowers and trees, his heart would soften and he would delightedly give vent to his suppressed emotions. In these rare moments of surrender to human impulse, he would feed his receptive mind on ghost stories and fantasies. A mixture of hermit and helot constituted this paradoxical nature—a dangerous influence for the sensitive Franz.

Accordingly it was to his mother that the youth turned for help and encouragement. She came of an artistic family endowed with considerable literary and musical talent. In sharp contrast to her husband, she was passionate and volatile; openly emotional and a lover of society; secretly religious and a prey to morbid hallucinations. Franz sheltered in the soothing sympathy that sprang from their temperamental affinity, but paid the price in inherited fits of melancholia.

He had little in common with his three younger brothers: Karl, the adventurer and ne'er-do-well; Kamillo, the conceited fop; and Adolf, the pampered darling, who committed suicide at seventeen—and so the bond between mother and son grew into a deep friendship, strengthened by indulgence for weaknesses on either side. She did her best to teach him music, but was incapable of methodical in-

struction. Fitful enthusiasm is a poor substitute for skilled presentation ; and so it was that Franz called these days "the torture of my boyhood." But there was compensation in the fact that the piano was the poet's solace in later years and reciprocity for her good intentions in his determination to be his mother's sole support on the death of her husband.

Grillparzer's boyhood, however, was spent in comfortable circumstances : the family lived in a rambling mansion in a narrow street, darkened by the sinister shadows of neighbouring houses. The rooms were so gloomy that the children were forbidden to enter some of them ; and it was only at noon in midsummer that the light succeeded in penetrating their father's study. This was an event in the lives of the boys, who gazed enraptured at the beams falling across the floor. Franz's unbridled imagination peopled the corridors with robbers, ghosts and gypsies ; he never dared to force an entry into the locked apartments.

Such surroundings could not fail to make a lasting impression on his poetic nature, nor to feed his introspective turn of mind. It was in this atmosphere that he composed his early dramas—weird and fantastic affairs.

The young Grillparzer was put in the charge of private tutors for his early schooling, but as he learned little from them, his father reluctantly decided to send him to a Gymnasium or Public School. Franz hated the school-routine, but eagerly devoured fantasies like the Arabian Nights, the Magic Flute, and the plays of Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller and Lessing. An Italian tragi-comedy "The Raven," made a profound impression on him.

At sixteen he entered the University where he studied literature, philosophy and history. To please his father he sought admission to the Faculty of Law, but his heart was not in his studies. All his energies were directed towards literary and cultural pursuits. Every Saturday afternoon he met his friends in the home of a certain Wohlge-muth. There the young men read and criticized their own essays. Grillparzer occupied himself with the drama, and wrote a long play, *Blanka von Kastilien*. At the same time he drafted plans for "The Fountain Pen" and for a one-act comedy, "Who is Guilty." But his inherited tendency for crushing self-criticism killed much of his early inspiration, and a great many of his projected works were burned. He allowed none of the others to be printed, as he hated publicity.

In 1809 the leisurely pace of Grillparzer's existence came abruptly to an end. In that year Napoleon entered the Austrian capital. Grillparzer admired the indomitable Emperor, but despondently shared the national humiliation. The family finances suffered a severe shock after France's victory—a shock from which they never recovered. Grillparzer now found himself faced with the stern realities of life ; his father had fallen critically ill and was no longer able to support his

children. His failing strength snapped completely before the fate of his beloved Austria. As his death approached, Grillparzer gave fervent expression to his pent-up filial love ; but his stern parent replied coldly : " Now it is too late." These tragic words haunted Grillparzer all his life.

With the death of his father the young student was forced to earn a living. He suddenly remembered his tragedy *Blanka von Kastilien* and offered it to the theatre. It was rejected as unfit for the stage. This refusal reminded him of his father's gloomy predictions and he accordingly made up his mind to renounce all hope of a literary career. But the chance of tutoring two young and wealthy noblemen saved him from further depression and enabled him to complete his University studies. Later he accepted the post of teaching the nephew of the wealthy Count Seilern. Fortunately his duties were light and allowed him much free time, which he spent browsing among the books in the Count's magnificent library. He threw himself wholeheartedly into the study of English literature and developed a passion for Shakespeare.

Unfortunately the Count was both a glutton and a boor. His interests were confined to his prize horses and his stomach. He forced Grillparzer to accompany him in his eating orgies and the young man reluctantly obeyed, thinking all the while how his dear mother had to go short at home. When the Count's family moved to their country estate in Moravia, Grillparzer found that he was expected to accompany his young pupil to Mass every day. In point of fact he took " The Vicar of Wakefield " with him and read it in church. The word " Vicar " on the title page led people to believe that it was an English prayer book !

Back in Vienna again for the winter, Grillparzer spent the saddest time of his life. The Count became more exacting in his demands and granted the poet less leisure. A year later he fell a victim to typhoid fever and was removed to the house of the local barber, where he was deserted by the Count's family. In spite of this cruel neglect, Grillparzer recovered and re-entered the service of the Count. He now assiduously applied himself to the study of Greek classics. Already a master of the English, Latin, Greek, French and Italian languages, he began to learn Spanish and undertook a translation of Calderon's *La Vida es Sueño* (Life is a Dream). This piece of work was to reap fruitful results.

It so happened that Joseph Schreyvogel, the foremost producer of the time, had put on at the Imperial Theatre his own translation of the same play. Grillparzer's fragment was published in a literary journal side by side with Schreyvogel's unpolished attempt. The critics immediately launched a merciless attack on the unfortunate Schreyvogel, who naturally believed that Grillparzer had joined forces against him. When Grillparzer explained the circumstances to

Schreyvogel, he was freely forgiven, and there began a life-long friendship between the two men.

Grillparzer's first play "The Ancestress," written in a month at fever pitch, was produced by Schreyvogel and was an unexpected success. But the playwright was still painfully critical of his own powers, and refused to sit in the audience. The performance of his play made him feel as though his soul were being exposed to the gaping populace. "The Ancestress" mirrors Grillparzer's own fears and hates: sombre surroundings haunted by ghosts and bedevilled with the curse of heredity. His play was acted in all the theatres of Germany and made Grillparzer famous, but not rich. By this time he had gained steady employment in the Civil Service at a salary of £40 a year—enough in those days to make an author independent of theatrical success.

"Sappho," modelled on the life of the Greek poetess, who committed suicide rather than face the torment of unrequited love, was written next. It has been translated into many languages and still retains its popularity. Grillparzer depicts in this play his own struggle between stern realism and poetic idealism. The enthusiastic reception accorded to "Sappho" gave Grillparzer the entrée to the salons of the social and artistic élite. He was even patronized by Metternich.

This led to his appointment as dramatic poet of the Imperial Theatre, a post invested with jealous intrigue. Economic advancement coincided with domestic tragedy: his mother fell seriously ill, and, in a fit of insanity, took her own life. Two members of the family had now committed suicide, but the death of his mother was a blow which cast the poet into bitter and recurring gloom. He had lost his dearest friend; in his diary he says: "She had no will but mine, and I never thought of having a wish that was not hers."

His doctors prescribed a visit to Italy in the interests of his failing health. But a holiday amid the delights of music, painting and architecture failed to give him that inner calm for which his soul craved. He wrote a poem which shocked the religious convictions of the Emperor and his Court. As a result he was dropped by his former patrons, and his official post was jeopardized. He retrieved his reputation, however, by writing "The Golden Fleece," adapted from the Greek story of that name. Although its success was not so spectacular as that of other plays, it remains a classic—beautiful, dignified and tragic in outcome.

Grillparzer's personal attractiveness resulted in many love-affairs, most of them one-sided. For a time he reciprocated the love of Charlotte von Paumgarten, but his affections cooled with closer acquaintance—and the lady died of a broken heart. His conscience was tortured by this catastrophe, and it was a long time before he permitted himself to form an attachment with Kathi Fröhlich. When

Grillparzer became formally engaged to Kathi, he was horrified to learn that a young girl, Marie von Piquot, had pined away, after avowing her love for him. The poet's grief at being the unwitting cause of her death was mercifully offset by his adoration for Kathi, the second of four charming and gifted sisters. Their salon received many artists, including Schubert, who composed some of his most beautiful songs for them. (One of his serenades was written for the youngest sister, Josephine.)

At first Grillparzer could not choose between the four beautiful sisters, but he later gave his heart to the vivacious Kathi. Their temperaments were dangerously alike and their possessive jealousy was the cause of many quarrels. In 1823 a day for the wedding was fixed and arrangements made. But fresh disputes alienated the lovers, and the marriage was indefinitely postponed. Kathi became critically ill as Grillparzer's devotion wavered.

In the first flush of his passion for Kathi he had written a play about the Bohemian King Ottokar, a despot who had many traits in common with Napoleon. The drama deals with the poet's beloved Austria and depicts the glories of the House of Habsburg. Unexpectedly, it was banned by the censor. When at last it was permitted on the stage, the Bohemians were incensed and the Viennese unimpressed. His love for Austria had been misunderstood.

Grillparzer sought distraction in a visit to Weimar, the home of the great German poet, Goethe. To his surprise, he was fêted on the way through Prague, then the capital of Bohemia. Approaching Weimar, his fatal diffidence in his own powers prompted him to turn back. He felt guilty of presumption in breathing the same air as the lion of the literary world. But Goethe gave him a warm welcome and held a dinner in his honour. Franz was so overcome with gratitude as well as with a feeling of his own worthlessness, that he burst into tears. Goethe quickly dispelled his doubts and the evening passed without further embarrassment. Grillparzer wrote later in his diary that, in his excitement he picked his bread into tiny crumbs, while Goethe placed them in an orderly heap.

Invited to dine again with Goethe, Grillparzer had not the courage to accept. Goethe bore him no ill-will when they next met—the day when Grillparzer took leave of Weimar for good. A great banquet was held in his honour, attended by half the town, and he was later escorted to his stage-coach by a band. Grillparzer decided to dedicate his next play to Goethe, but felt that each successive work was not good enough. And so, what might have been a fruitful and inspiring friendship for both men was never allowed to develop, owing to the Austrian's inherent misgivings about his own powers, a characteristic inherited from his father.

"The Faithful Servant," written on his return from Weimar, was given a tremendous reception. But the Emperor saw in it a

subtle attack on the Crown and ordered its suppression. It is a drama of Austrian loyalty as opposed to German servility, and reiterates Grillparzer's patriotism: "I am not a German, but an Austrian."

About this time Grillparzer formed a life-long friendship with Beethoven. Grillparzer himself was a gifted musician and composed a number of delicate pieces. "I have learned the melody of verse through music," he said. He could express his thoughts as easily on the piano as with his pen. Although he had a deep admiration for Beethoven, he felt that he at times surpassed the limits of true art. To a Beethoven enthusiast he once said: "Like you I esteem him highly, but with this difference: where your admiration begins, mine ends."

The poet was not thirty-five years of age and his love for Kathi was all but dead. He could not give her up and he could not marry her. Although he continued to visit the Fröhlich family, his tepid attentions to Kathi reacted unfavourably on her sensibilities. Feverishly she clung to the fragile hope that they would finally be reconciled in marriage—but it was not to be. Broken-hearted she left for Milan in 1830. In her absence Grillparzer came under the spell of another woman, Marie von Smolenitz. But when she married his friend, a dwarfish painter, he resolved to break his association with her and to devote what was left of his heart to Kathi.

These emotional experiences found expression in a new drama: "Life, a Dream," the material for which was borrowed from the Spanish writer, Calderon. (He had decided to avoid historical dramas after their gross misrepresentation on the Viennese stage.) This new play was a popular and lasting success and has been performed more frequently than any of his other works.

A phase of productivity was followed by a period of deep depression. The faithful Schreyvogel was dead and his successor could not give Grillparzer the necessary encouragement for creative work. His painful relationship with Kathi was troubling his conscience. Complete separation seemed the only cure; he therefore planned a holiday in France and England.

Arriving in Paris in 1836 he visited the Opera almost every evening, but avoided French writers, whom he considered superficial and arrogant. He enjoyed London more than Paris and admired the political calm and balance of the English.

But this interlude was not destined to give him any permanent mental peace. On his return he had to face a fresh domestic crisis: his married brother had deserted his wife and children and was showing signs of insanity. All of them now became dependent on the poet, who forced himself to write another comedy for their support: "Woe Betide the Liar" has proved to be one of the greatest of German comedies. Greatly to be admired is Grillparzer's courageous accept-

ance of family responsibilities beyond his control. And it may well be that congenital predisposition to insanity counselled him against his own marriage.

At first, his new play was a failure. The nobility were offended, the groundlings bewildered. Grillparzer vowed never to write for the public again and spent the rest of his life in voluntary seclusion. After the publication of "*The Waves of the Sea*"—considered to be his masterpiece—nothing else was printed in his life-time.

Great honours were showered on him on his fiftieth birthday, but he refused to emerge from his retirement. A visit made to Greece two years later recaptured some of his earlier enthusiasms, and was followed by a second trip to Germany. Berlin, he thought, compared most unfavourably with his beloved Vienna and he condemned German literature as degenerate: "I am not a German, but an Austrian." All who met him were impressed by his dignified bearing. A quotation from a German diarist is typical: "his nobility of character is steadfast, his convictions unsullied, his feelings warm and strong."

On his return to Austria, Grillparzer composed some short stories, one of which, "*The Monastery at Sendomir*," has been dramatised by Gerhart Hauptmann. "*The Poor Musician*" is a charming vignette, based on the life-story of one of his acquaintances.

At the age of fifty-eight Grillparzer made his permanent home with the Fröhlich sisters, who devotedly ministered to his wants. A few years later his plays were revived with great success and he was made an Honorary Member of the Schiller Society in Leipzig, an Honorary Member of the Austrian Upper House and given the freedom of his native Vienna.

His eightieth birthday was the occasion for an even more enthusiastic revival of his plays. The whole of Austria took part in the celebrations, and his bust was crowned with a laurel. Characteristically, Grillparzer remained at home, re-echoing his father's words: "Too late." The next year he passed away peacefully in his arm-chair, after many more honours had been heaped upon him. He was buried beside Beethoven and Schubert.

All his works and all his fortune were bequeathed to the faithful fiancée whom he never married.

RHODA HILTON.

THE Q TRADITION AND BEYOND

II

WHILE SWIFT in seclusion at Moor Park read Lucretius and discovered the "glass of nature." Richard Bentley was initiating our "great age of scholarship" which he "directed towards criticism verbal, literary and historical." "The characteristic activity of the period," says Mr. Clarke, "was the emendation of the texts of the Attic tragedians" and "the scholarship of the eighteenth century is distinguished by its concentration on the classics to the exclusion of theology." "Religion was no longer the consuming interest that it had been. . . . In the seventeenth century many of the scholars were half or more than half theologians. Pearson to use Porson's disrespectful words 'muddled his head with divinity' and so failed to achieve that eminence as a classicist that might have been his if he had lived a century later." "In the seventeenth century not only did theology take up much of the energy of scholars, but classical literature and thought were approached with certain religious preconceptions. . . . In the eighteenth century sacred and profane were kept apart."¹ And the benefit of this mutual exclusion, which appeals to the modern historian of classical studies, was that it set free the genius and conscience of the scholar. Greek withdrew from humanity and became simply Greek. Yet the loss was greater than the gain. The "religious preoccupations" appear to the modern mind rather as quaint and, it may be, perverse fancies since the modern mind, conversing upon the surface, seldom asks why such odd notions ever persuaded or attracted intelligent men. What can be said for the naive conviction which inspired Reuchlin to study Hebrew as the language in which God created the world, or for the venerable tradition that traced modern states in the manner of Virgil to the fall of Troy? Above all, the notion that the Greeks owed their wisdom to the Hebrews, and that the supernatural origin of the Bible gave it as foundation or a keystone to all the wisdom of antiquity—was a fantasy too extravagant for "sense and reason." It was well to be rid of such lumber.

But what did the divinity of Pearson's generation and Milton's mean? Apart from the question of faith and eternal salvation, their religious preconceptions affirmed or reflected the humanity of man. They gathered all culture into the context of the Eternal, and derived the value of all literature, ancient or modern, not from

¹ *Greek Studies in England, 1700-1830*, by M. L. Clarke.

the human appetite to clamour opinions, but from the commerce of all God's creatures with their Creator and with one another. The faith that God spoke Hebrew, when He said, Let there be light, was a scientific error, but it accompanied and echoed the supreme rhetorical truth, that man uses language because God uses language, and that it is only as the image of God that he has ever acquired his eloquence to speak truth. That was the conviction which the age of tolerance dissolved. When it was lost, the universal dignity died out of the classics. Greek was thereafter an elegance, a virtuosity, to be desired "like lace" and confined to an elite so small as to be almost eccentric. It was henceforth the aim of classical training not to learn what the Ancients said, but to enquire how they had said it. No doubt it was a necessary stage of European culture that for more than a century classical studies should mean the art of emending and collating texts and eliciting rules of prosody, and a necessary next stage that the "objective" study of the ancient world in its minutest detail should preoccupy the whole working time of every considerable scholar in Europe. But this ought ye to have done and not to have left the other undone. Whatever of accuracy and knowledge was gained by substituting archæological surmise for muddled divinity, the learning so conceived and practised was remote from the life of ordinary men: humanism became technical and ceased to be humane: it ministered to an "inordinate appetite of excellence." Clever boys were bred to it. Schoolmasters vaguely assumed that scholars so disinterested and disciplined would hand on their quality to their pupils, and evaded the question whether and why any pupils should want that quality. When education was extended upon the egalitarian prejudice of our new barbarism to include everything that the proletariat might like to study, there could be no convincing reason for enabling boys to read great poetry, when there was none for studying language at all. Why poetry when some form of cookery under the guise of chemistry was much more fun and promised much more money? No kind of hedonism, no doctrine of enlightened self-interest, or psychological theory of satisfaction could reinstate literature when the word itself was but a scholar's puzzle or a journalist's device.

At the same time and for the same reason that the Ancients retired into their academies and rectories, the Moderns discovered their allegiance to the "tempers and desires of the great beast" with a similar gain and a corresponding loss. The story of the coffee-house and the beginnings of modern journalism has often been told. John Evelyn, admitted a fellow commoner of Balliol in 1637, there made the acquaintance of "one Nathaniel Conopios out of Greece. . . . He was the first I ever saw drink coffee which custom came not into England till thirty years after." Sandys had encountered it in his travels. "It is as black as soot," he said, "and tastes not much unlike it: good they say for digestion and mirth." The first

English coffee-house was opened in Oxford by a Jew called Jacob, and the second in London by a Greek in the service of a Turkey merchant. There was a brief interval of persecution; a barber, for example, was indicted in 1656 for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee. At the Restoration the "loathesome potion," "syrop of soot and essence of old shoes" came into its own. In 1660, Samuel Pepys went "to the coffee-house where were a great confluence of gentlemen, viz., Mr. Harrington, Poultny (grandfather of Walpole's enemy), Dr. Petty (the economist), where admirable discourse till nine at night." A week later, "I went to the coffee-club and heard very good discourse" and the question which concerned the "balance of property and command" in the Roman empire was decided by ballot in favour of putting "property and command" into the same hands. Thus a new estate in the politics of the kingdom was created unawares. In France the new vice was furnished with cups of gilded porcelain and indulged by the first fashion. In England, it was democratic. In the coffee-house "The Town" became articulate. It was "a rota room that like Noah's ark receives animals of every sort . . . a nursery for training up the small fry of virtuosi in confident tattling. . . . He that comes often saves 2d. a week in Gazettes and has his news and his coffee for the same charge." There Sir John Cutler discussed the effect of thunder on beer and Pepys told Dr. Allen what "Dribble the German doctor do offer of an instrument to sink ships." They spoke of fishing about Quinsborough, and of a rich widow of the city, of Lady Castlemaine's affairs, of Sir William Petty's views of trade, of *Religio Medici* and *Hudibras*. Here they received the first premonitions of the plague, news of Dutch naval preparations, of the comet, of General Somshe's victory over the Turks and of "our defeat at Guinea." "In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great coffee-house there, where I never was before; where Dryden, the poet (I knew at Cambridge), and all the wits of the Town and Mr. Hoole of our college. And had I had time then or could at other times, it will be good coming hither, for there I perceive is very pleasant and witty discourse." In 1675, the king found it expedient to close the London coffee-houses by proclamation and then to revoke his order and retreat to Windsor. He found it easier to reign without Parliament than without coffee-houses. They were already the voice of London, and within the next fifty years had created the literature of the periodical, which fixed a tradition of lucid mediocrity upon English prose and verse. It is for this kind of public that Addison, Steele, Swift, Defoe established their prose convention, and in the same manner that Locke conceived human understanding. Upon this model Defoe projected an English academy to cultivate the "so much neglected faculty of correct language," "a sort of judicature over the learning of the

age," "to censure the exorbitance of writers," "to banish pride and pedantry." It was in this civic democracy that the religion, manners, trade, policy, parties of London were expounded and criticised when London assumed her sovereign authority upon the abdication of James II and still more after the death of Queen Anne.

The gain of this democratic habit is obvious. It brought English from heights and depths which it had explored in the less politic and more drunken taverns of Hamlet's time into the life of shrewd and sensible men. It learned to compromise and found a level, a lucidity, a convention. It is not the English of Sir Thomas Browne or Jeremy Taylor, or John Milton, but the smoother, safer currency of the novelists, essayists, and pamphleteers. It is a rhetoric of advocacy. Many of its practitioners are bred to litigation and parliamentary debate. In place of the imaginative perception to which Shakespeare could appeal without hesitating, there is forensic restraint and plausibility designed to get "things across" and to make a point. It preaches with an urbane understatement like Tillotson, not with a metaphysical imagination like Donne or with prophetic power and volume like Milton. We do not see the puissant nation rousing itself from sleep and kindling its undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, but a group of sophisters and calculators discussing the nation's credit. "Let us drink about," says the Squire, "and talk about the state of the nation or something we can all understand." And that is the voice of the new authority. The philosopher is governor of the Bank of England: the astronomer is master of the Mint. Even the couplet is invented by poets to make its point as pointedly as it can, and is used primarily and most expertly as a weapon. The divinity has gone out of the language, as the moralists have turned from St. Paul to Seneca or even Petronius, and it is doomed either to converse upon the surface or to come back with informations that on the inside, all things are good for nothing. Conscience is not the voice of God or of reason (which is "inert"), but the fear of ridicule or a desire for respect. And without divinity, the whole structure of society was gradually remodelled to the ends of security and success; there was no other standard; and this was the standard which Hobbes had described as "power" in a society which he had pictured as "war."

In like manner the divinity had gone out of kings and had forsaken the law. "The long tradition," says Sir Ernest Barker, "which associated some form of broad and supra-national state with a mission of culture and a content of common faith is an imperishable tradition. In some way, in some 'new Europe' or 'United States of Europe' the best of this old European tradition must be recaptured; and in some new body which may bear no visible vestige of empire, the secret heart of the tradition, throbbing with the movement of a common humane culture and a common Christian ethic must resume

its beat." That is indeed not only a noble, but the only hope of human survival, as it was the secret of that resurrection which, as by a miracle, restored the sense of a holy empire upon a world of freebooters. But though Sir Ernest Barker traces its history to the Stoics and to Virgil, he dwells insistently upon its holier meaning: "A new and transcendent element was added to these various ingredients," he says, "when towards the end of the fourth century A.D. Christianity was received by the empire. Hitherto the empire, so far as it had carried a cultural or doctrinal content had carried the culture of Stoicism. Henceforth it carried the doctrinal content of the Christian faith. It was not that Stoicism utterly disappeared. Christian theology in its doctrine of a city of God and the common brotherhood of men in the citizenship of that City, inherited and magnified the Stoic tradition; and Stoicism, we may say was sublimated rather than eliminated. But the crucial thing, so far as the conception of empire is concerned, is that this conception which had always carried from the very first some sort of doctrinal content, was now charged with a deeper and far more sovereign content. Empire had never been mere power. It had always been a vessel carrying, and existing to carry, some great cargo or freight."¹

But instead of such empire, so informed, and existing to such an end, the scientific and egalitarian centuries have blessed and perfected an insular community, fascinated by frontiers and dominated by the concept of "power." And, stripped of human or moral associations which do not properly belong to it, "power" turns out to be identical with impotence, since without moral value or rational purpose it ceases to connote any control of things by the will. An island, set in a silver sea or in a complex of armed neutralities, is a material phenomenon and insularity is political materialism. Inasmuch as European states affirmed and established their local imperialisms against the idea of a Christendom or a Holy Empire, they could not but jettison the cargo, whether Stoic or Virgilian, or Christian, which constituted the sole justification of their sovereign authority. Their insularity, in other words, was a denial of their moral or intellectual existence. Whatever ideal or sentimental or mystical conception of society words could define or men might die for must henceforth remain a vision or a memory. Nationalism as such could not but abolish all of God that was not English, all of England that was not absorbed in the Leviathan, all the universe that could not be bounded in the utilities, exploitations, acquisitions of "the great beast." The universals had been discarded: only the particulars remained. In the empirical argument there was no place for Man. Numbers of votes, of customers, of taxpayers, of pounds, shillings and pence, of man hours, power units, miles per hour, of square miles, of mouths, pockets, hands, were all the scale of judgment left to Gulliver, as the vessel of civilization foundered. Was he big

¹ Barker, *Ideas and Ideals of the British Empire*.

or little, swift or slow, strong or weak—that was the question, the question of the jungle. Edmund worshipped "Nature" and his goddess endowed him with her grace of absolute extinction.

What Lear had thrown away with his crown was not a "concept of order" but the primal, eldest condition of human life: Charity. The tragedy was the banishment of Cordelia, the sentence of hate.

The sacredness of kings is nothing but the love of subjects, and the abolition of that sacredness was nothing but the declaration that subjects are generically loveless: that love and social order part company. The seeming extravagance of Spenser and most Elizabethans in their courtly rhetoric is at best unintelligible, at worst disgusting, when once the "nature" of the bastard Edmund has accomplished this reasonable divorce, for in the new scheme "a king is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness' sake. Just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat." "The King and the Parliament now falling out are just as when there is foul play offered amongst gamesters; they seize what they can of another's." It is quite inevitable that when John Selden comes, Hobbes is not far behind, and upon their terms Regan, if not Goneril, has all the right of the matter. Clarendon, like Kent, has no future but exile. But the Kings are not the only monstrosity of charity and where their sacred majesty can be abolished, so can other sanctities, at smaller cost and with swifter profit. Defoe will sing of property and London with almost a poet's ardour; but property has no more inherent sanctity than royalty, and under the economics of necessity it is profaned and stultified as easily. Though henceforth civilized man had all knowledge and a faith to remove mountains (the main function of his new faith and knowledge) and proved himself heroic enough to give his body to be burned (the heroic sanction of the new politics) and philanthropic enough to give all his goods to the poor (the sole virtue of the new economics) it profited him nothing. On the contrary all his good henceforth suffered a chronic revolution and automatically turned to its opposite and appropriate evil. If he believed in the divine right of Kings, he produced an absolutism which knew no right and defied divinity. If he sought liberty, he produced tyranny and terror. As he sought wealth, so his economic values suffered inevitable inflation. He designed peace by organizing violence, loved his country into isolation and war. If he was a "friend of man," he demolished the standards of human respect exposing the weak and simple to the unscrupulous and cruel. Aiming at equality (the delusive formula substituted for justice in a world that had lost its Judge), he achieved the ruthless inequalities of free trade, scientific industry and limitless competition. The tragedy which is the history of modern Europe consists not in the presence of evils endemic in the history of fallen man, but in the irony that presents them as the normal and natural consequence of

good will. In seeking liberty, equality, fraternity, men find only an expert atrocity. The trust of good men in the word of their neighbours and governors makes them dupes of sincere and heroic wickedness. And since charity suffereth long and is kind, that sound element in human society which could redeem it is precluded by its virtues of good faith and human respect from the scramble of fanaticism and power.

"Love cools: friendship falls off: brothers divide: in cities mutinies: in palaces treason, and the bond cracked between son and father." Gloucester's summary was true to the fashionable morality and the court of King James I, true with a larger prescience of the whole international process during the last two centuries of European kingship and ultimately of international dealing throughout the world. And, whether or not these evils in human nature were portended by the "late eclipses of the sun and moon," they were certainly accompanied by a cosmic eclipse observed sixty years before by Copernicus. "The true significance of his astronomical discoveries . . . consisted not so much in displacing the world's centre from the earth to the sun as in implicitly denying that the world has a centre at all . . . its real point was that the material world has no centre; and this was rightly regarded as a revolution in cosmology because it destroyed the entire theory of the natural world as an organism," in order to replace it by the theory of the natural world as a machine. The difference between organism and machine is that the latter is man made, directed to the end of man, the former, if it has any maker, must be made by some extra-human or superhuman intellect. An organic universe conceived even in its lowest terms, as for example by Professor Alexander, implies a "natural piety" and serves a *telos* beyond human definition, "for if man were to ask nature for what purpose she produces, and if she chose to attend and reply to him, she would say, 'You should never have asked; you ought to have understood in silence, even as I keep silence and am wont to say nothing. What is it then that you should have understood? This: that whatsoever is produced is a sight for me to look upon in silence, a vision naturally produced, and that I, who am myself the child of such a vision, am of my nature a lover of sights; and that which sees in me produces the vision. . . . I owe my life not to any action, but to the being of thoughts greater than I, contemplating themselves'."¹

It is clear enough, when we turn to the "nature" of the poets, that this is the "nature" they mean, the product of thoughts contemplating themselves, and that the other nature, not the product of anything but a mere raw material for human ingenuity, tricked out in abstractions labelled after the interests of a particular science is, in the common use of the word, "unnatural." Between these two cosmologies, runs the perennial war. It is a religious war, between

¹ Plotinus *En.* iii. 8.

mechanism and liturgy. And the whole conflict turns upon the question whether in handling what he takes to be real, man is responsible or irresponsible. Can he make whatever predicate or judgment he pleases, with nothing but man, the fruit of his loins and education, to withstand or judge him? Or again, is he condemned to make such predicate or valuation as he must with nothing Divine or natural or human to share with him,

Allow not nature more than nature needs
Man's life's as cheap as beast's?

Or is there a third possibility that history have shape, and things their being, apart from anything man makes of them, and yet such being and shape as evokes man's communion and demands his co-operation? If man is irresponsible, if he is the only intellectual being, capable of knowledge, as in Dr. Huxley's philosophy, then he is either the master or the slave of the universe, the only universe his science can elicit is his slave or master. Another expression of this doctrine is to say that theology is not a science or that "metaphysics is absurd"—the human is the only cognitive apparatus, and human language means nothing to anyone but man. Then hedonism and determinism divide his allegiance till he finds that they are names of the same insignificance, convex and concave of the same round O. In such a system of necessity and irrelevance language could never have come to birth and poetry cannot survive. Nor could the human individual have emerged from the pack or herd, into which this kind of theory would dissolve him again. But if man is responsible, and "good is more and other than the compulsory," then his science is as responsible as the rest of him. Quite lately, the reaction of scientists to their most spectacular discovery has furnished illustration of the conflict.

Many of them seem to find it matter of distress and almost of a sense of injustice that the release of atomic energy should require them to set an "unscientific," a moral or humanitarian limit upon their scientific activity. The sacred lust of curiosity, served so long and so heroically, has at length declared itself as dangerous to the human race as any other unlimited appetite, and the discovery that science must own allegiance to something beyond itself or become an instrument and apostle of human suicide comes to many of its practitioners as an intolerable paradox. The situation is not new. St. Augustine whom some thinkers would rather "debunk" than read was well aware of the problem; and, after enumerating things made by "divers arts and manufacturers *ad inlecebras oculorum*" describes another form of temptation as in many ways more dangerous. "For besides that concupiscence of the flesh which lurketh in the delight of all our senses and pleasures . . . there is conveyed into the

soul by the same senses of the body a certain vain and curious itch ; not of delight taking in the flesh, but of making experiments by the help of the flesh which is masked under the title of knowledge and learning, *cognitionis et scientiae*. . . . Hence also men proceed to investigate some concealed powers of that nature which is not beyond our ken, which it does them no good to know, and yet men desire to know for the sake of knowing." This doctrine long since forgotten has been forced upon the attention of reluctant scientists by the atomic bomb. But most of the insoluble discords of the modern world can be attributed precisely to that scientific libertinism, which because its wrong was rather of the devil than of the flesh, and its manners were austere and disciplined, escaped the notice or defied the verdict of the moralists. Yet, since the arrival of mechanized industry and mathematical economy, nothing has been more clearly and painfully demonstrated than the perils of scientific curiosity, and the damage wrought by discovering and exploiting resources beyond the moral wisdom of ordinary men to assimilate.

For this reason the swift succession of discoveries brought misery and slavery to the many as they brought power and "enlightenment" to the few. The evil came first and certainly, the good was deferred and doubtful. The steam engine may have enriched the experience of a few people during its first experimental century. There is no doubt at all that it crushed, starved, debauched, perverted many more : it made large tracts of land black and monstrous and spawned a proletariat which had no means to learn any kind of human dignity. The cold indignation which relieves the inherent dullness of *Das Kapital* truthfully depicted the machine as a slave master on an altogether new and exorbitant scale : and from that slavery there was no emancipation. The internal combustion engine may have pleased the few, but even before its use in war, it was regularly destroying its five thousand lives per annum in this island alone ; and the humanitarian conscience still cherishing its indignant memory of the comparatively mild Spanish Inquisition was not only unmoved by the death record but welcomed the "triumph of mechanical science." Electricity was such a boon as to become a necessity : it could offer nothing but confusion except by the regimenting of thousands of operatives. And of atomic energy the first visible benefit was Hiroshima. Behind the particular massacres and slaveries wrought by scientific curiosity there was the unrelenting pressure as of an atmosphere, of a world which could be nothing but slave or despot and its steady perversion or atrophy of all that is creative in the human individual, all that is social in human society. There was also the chronic dislocation, moral and economic, which enriched human society with those "two formidable words, I doubt." The bond was cracked not only betwixt son and father, but the foundations of moral being were scraps of paper and no contract could be trusted

that was not sanctioned by scientific atrocity. Nevertheless, it took Hiroshima to convince the scientists that the nice arrangement which laid all the blame on human morals and reserved all the praise for expert curiosity was too neat, too convenient to be true.

The question of culture is, as Professor Willey said, the question of Charity; its battle is the battle between liturgical and mechanical cosmology. The same question, the same warfare challenges that minority of contemporary politicians who mean anything by the word peace. It is the question whether the custom, heavy as frost and deep almost as life, which created modern science and economy in the service of human lust and power can be wheeled round to the contemplation of That Which Is, and can share in a "social" universe created for, and existing in, a cosmic act of worship. To this end no paganism, though of Plato and Aristotle and Virgil, can contribute in its own strength anything better than a theory, a dream, a regret. To return from Christ to Stoicism or Platonism is to delete all that the Stoics or Plato had affirmed. What for them was the language of faith or aspiration, is for the post-Christian a negation or despair. To return to Zeus and Demeter be they never so dignified and classical is pure impossibility to a culture that has once conceived, even if it had never believed, the mystery of the Incarnation; and behind the tolerant incredulity with its "permissions mutual" which has reduced Christian dogma to a fad or a parable still thrives the natural fatalism of Edmund, still mutters the bitter wisdom of the fool, "thou art an O without a figure." And haunted by the Christian creeds and the millenniums of human experience which they alone were large enough to contain or strong enough to support, the prophets of the new humanity are driven to throw their philosophies of human right and freedom into terms of denial or defiance. Even if the mysteries of the Christian faith were false, nothing else that man has eyes to see could be so true. The path of disbelief stops nowhere short of nothing. To imagine a Godless universe, indeed, would ask a genius far greater than Shakespeare's and may be the unique and essential greatness of the ruined archangel, but any kind of mediocrity can veto the imagination. It is impossible to think without God, but it seems easy to exist without thinking. And so from verb to verb we can paralyse human activity and then from noun to noun reduce all the furniture of consciousness to obscenity and chaos. The process is well advanced.

But so, it is a question whether, at such a time as this and in such a country as Britain, the Catholic body, establishing schools for its children and seminaries for its priests, does well to ignore or postpone the challenge of "spiritual anarchy" which breeds in universities. The notion that the Catholic Church, *in partibus infidelium* has neither intellectual nor material resource to teach anything "higher" than the Higher Certificate to anyone but her clergy, that she cannot meet

the ideologies of nihilism on their own ground or revive a culture which without her had perished long since, seems a paradox difficult to maintain without dangerous admissions. It may be that the Catholic layman who would study politics must expect to be taught by such experts as would count themselves liars if they pretended to accept his philosophy or his morals, that the Catholic student of philosophy should piously acquire a technique from logicians who sincerely hold that there is no truth and that theology, metaphysics and ethics are absurd; Oxford and Cambridge may be so beautiful and have so noble a name that the Catholic Church cannot prudently create a poor little substitute of her own. Or it may be that the idea of a university is already obsolete, and the anarchy so far advanced that even Catholic laity can think of none but technical education. Either grace or nature is unequal to the crisis of this world, is that what we must believe? and that not even the Word made flesh can do better than utter belated protests when a neglected situation has collapsed in chaos? The ideologies of anarchy and nihilism, the philosophies that affirm nothing but the right of man to deny, the sciences that accelerate man's freedom to get lost, the politics which can devise no policy but to repeat the methods and clichés of the dead barbarism—these, at all events, appear to be alive and aggressive. To complain of their injustice and illiteracy in a world whose justice is a barter of victorious bandits, its culture a rousing and sating of appetites, is only to flatter the adversary. It is not the function of the Church to complain, but to judge and to create: and in both kinds, the world has never revealed its destitution so pitifully before. *Et dixit qui sedebat in throno: Ecce nova facio omnia.*

T. S. GREGORY.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,000 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in "The Month," if accepted.

Literary Communications, Exchanges, and Books for Review should be addressed to The Editor of "The Month," 114 Mount Street, London, W.1, and not to the Publishers: Business Communications to The Manager, Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W.15.

THE TIDE OF MEMORY

WHEN I was first demobilized from the Navy, there was nothing pleasanter than to go down and laze in the New Forest for odd days and wander through silent glades of majestic trees whose boles were like columns of a cathedral: one experienced a revulsion from the war; one wanted to forget it all; just to do nothing was a relief after the hurly burly of the sea, to lie in unfurling bracken in the drowsy noontide or watch the first stars begin to flicker, at first faint as memory, then more boldly as twilight deepened and the nightjar commenced his gentle purring like a tiny spinning-wheel and the rustle of furtive bodies in the undergrowth heralded the small drama of the forest night. As the rustling tide itself recedes, so had the memory of the sea vanished, imperceptibly, beyond the horizon of time.

Then, one day, roundabout midsummer, as the lethargic local train snorted its way into the village where I often stayed, I stood at the carriage window ready to alight. We were moving through the level-crossing and at the gates stood a group of German prisoners, land-workers, waiting for the train to pass. They were too common a phenomenon to be remarkable and at first I gazed dispassionately, casually at their faces, some toneless, others sullen, arrogant, until suddenly, with a shock of surprise, I found myself staring at one particular face, three or four yards away, a drawn, sunburnt face that seemed to reflect my own startled look of recognition. The train drew past and panted to a standstill in the little platform: my limbs bore me from the stuffy compartment and down the street of warm red cottages gay with phlox and peonies, but my mind bore me back four years and I was staring again at a seaburnt face and two panicstricken eyes while my hand clutched a mop of fair hair as I struggled to drag its owner out of the terrible ocean that lapped about our ship. . . .

As the tide ebbs, so does it flow in again. . . .

* * *

We sit clad in singlets in the stuffy mess playing crib or solo—crib for “sippers” of rum, solo for pence—“Fifteen-two, fifteen-four, the rest won’t score.” Cigarettes dangle in our mouths, we screw up our eyes to avoid the smoke, look down our noses at the cards. In a cage by the saltcaked oilskins, a bird sings as sweetly as a chaffinch in an English hedgerow. It is a wild bird caught in Freetown and for a long time it remained silent: now perhaps it looks upon the electric lights as strange unwarming suns to which it sings or it has forgotten the palms and mangroves and the brilliant butterflies and—like us—

has adapted itself to this semi-life it leads in a reeking pit of airlessness and artificial light.

Supper comes : we are " on " cheese hoosh, a form of welsh rarebit : very good, I like it and, being hungry, shamelessly accept anybody's leavings. Bread and butter, tea strong and black as the water of a mountain bog, and some of us get an onion apiece, hot and enjoyable : then a smoke, we dish up, peel to-morrow's potatoes, have a wash.

What is the use of turning in ? Sometime during the Atlantic night the alarm bells will ring for action stations and the attack will begin once more.

After supper, standing by the break in the foc'sle, enjoying a last cigarette before " darken ship," we gaze on the crowded convoy, tankers and freighters, and wonder which of them will go down to-night ? Which of the men who, when earlier in the day we passed close by the columns, went about their jobs or hung out their dobeying or leaned on the guard-rails staring sullenly back at us—which of these men will be dead or drowning or burnt by torpedo flash or flaming oil to-night ? Every night is hell. Last night four ships went ; no survivors ; two nights ago, four others, forty-two survivors. Two of those last night were petrol tankers : a sudden colossal flash lighting up sea and ships and panic-faces, then a steady flaming, backed by a column of smoke, for perhaps two minutes. Then abruptly the light vanishes. The tanker has sunk.

Action stations ! Lighted match in seething ant-pile. However many times you hear those cursed bells, they never lose their momentary chilling portent, especially when they rouse you from the cool oasis of sleep which at sea assumes an almost mythical value that the landsman does not know.

Sleep sweeter than tasks most noble ! How true !

Up and down we race, helplessly it seems. The U-boats have the measure of us. One of them is obviously concealed in the widespread convoy itself. The seas curl and crash over " A " gun : phosphorus jewels the gunshield. The bitter, jeering wind tears through our clothes. Salt dries on our faces as we peer out into the darkness. Tenseness and dejection intermingle. And yet isn't everything all so normal ? Lack of sleep dulls our reactions. We are more irritated and frustrated than anything : swift hectic dive of fighter aircraft, blundering charge of tank through hidden minefield and resolute gun, all had their dangers, their hazards, but the Battle of the Atlantic was day after day, month piling into year of boredom and sleeplessness and bitter storm—and the sudden lightning flash of action as well.

At last the drab night fades, the stars recede, dead witnesses of a scene of death, the cadaverous light of dawn begins to spread over the sea. The tenseness of night evaporates, we are enervated, disheartened, shivering as much from fatigue as from the rawness of the air. We cruise about the rear of the convoy (steaming sedately on, little

oldmaidships some of them, demurely riding the choppy sea), chasing up a straggler, when all at once we "rev" up and go racing off astern. As we increase speed the seas come breaking over the foc'sle, drenching those of us on "A" gun. Roused from our lethargy we eagerly speculate. Have we got a "ping"? Have we made contact with a U-boat? A lookout comes down off the bridge with the latest "buzz."

The matelot is the spirit of Scepticism incarnate: "Just another flaming false alarm. Serve 'em up the whole ugly convoy on a dish."

But we race on, the ship trembles and plunges, we peer out into the grey light.

As we reach the height of the contact, we slacken speed, then turn and race back over the suspected area.

"Firing a fourteen-pattern charge," somebody comes up from aft where the torpedomen are standing by the depth-charges and scarcely has he spoken than up and out the depth-charges are lobbed like clay-pigeons and drop all round our wake. A few moments' interval and those set at the shallowest depths explode with a roar that shakes the ship and a great column of water poises briefly on the surface. Again the roar, again the water heaves.

"If she's anywhere in between that lot she'll make a pretty good sandwich," mutters the captain of our gun.

"All guns loaded," crackles a voice over the telephone from the T.S.

"'A' gun loaded. . . ."

"Stand by for U-boat surfacing. Keep a sharp look-out all round. Stand by to open fire immediately."

"Keep your ugly eyes skinned."

Moments longer than all the centuries of time. Peer through the deceitful light until dilating eyeballs crack. Surely it's too long, nothing's happened, nor will, ah, it's the same old story. Missed again—but suddenly, shrieking in triumph,

"There's the basket! Green four-o, sir!" and there truly she is, rising bows foremost, ominous and ugly in the grey light, like some primeval monster coming out of the depths. She is still full of venom: as she breaks surface she fires a torpedo, but she is out of control, we see the track of the "tinfish" pass harmlessly across our bows.

"Train her round," and sweating and swearing the trainer brings our gun to bear. The starboard four-barrelled point-five has already opened fire. "X" gun follows, our own next, we fire over open sights, the barrels almost pointing into the sea. But we are changing course, bearing down on the U-boat, our own gun will not bear and we curse in chagrin.

"Stand by to ram!" and we heel over drunkenly as the coxswain puts the wheel hard over in answer to the bridge. The conning-tower of the submarine is opening and out clamber dim figures, plunge into the sea and strike away desperately. We see one jerseyed figure

run along the buckled deck, then back again, afraid to jump, afraid to stay. Forfeits for faltering, says Death. He suddenly staggers convulsively and falls into the water, amid a hail of machinegun bullets, for that U-boat must be sunk and in those few hectic moments nobody has time to do anything but kill. We get our own back on boredom. "X" gun crashes out again, there is a flash and roar in the conning-tower and the U-boat splits open like a can of sardines (except that it's men inside instead of fish) and slides down into the depths from which, hardly a minute before, she had emerged. One at anyrate of the wolf-pack has been dealt with.

Oil and wreckage strew the surface, heads bob here and there : the Nazis take it for granted that now, their vessel sunk, their enemies are their only hope from the numbing sea.

Covered by another destroyer, we slow down to pick them up and some of us cluster in the shallow waist of the ship to drag them aboard, half a dozen survivors, struggling and gasping : a seaman hauls one up by the hair, but he is too far gone already, his eyes are full of oil, he has not the strength to help himself ; flat on the deck the seaman tries to hold him : no use, he is forced to let go, and the young Nazi sinks back with a hopeless gesture of despair and a tidal wave surges over a cottage in the Black Forest or the Friesian Islands, or a tenement in Hamburg.

On my belly, my mates grasping my legs, I lean over and, as the sea bears him up, grasp the wet, blond hair of another whom minutes before I have done my small utmost to kill and whom now I save : blue panic-eyes stare into mine, lungs heave almost to bursting point, hands scrabble on the deck, and like a black convulsive fish he gasps at our feet, spewing seawater and "Danke, danke."

* * *

Now, by some freak of chance, our orbits briefly cross again and swiftly part. From the ravening Atlantic to the tranquil Forest. I wonder what seas of despair and stagnation he has floundered in since I dragged him out of that other ocean ? Would he still thank me ? Which seems more terrible to him now, the boiling Atlantic or the broken water of his country, upon which float jetsam, spars, human wreckage ?

Lying in the bracken, staring at the blue wonder of the sky, a prisoner of my own new freedom, I speculate on who will be released first, the young blond seaman from alien bondage or myself from the sickness of ennui that comes after war.

A. C. JENKINS.

POLAND AFTER THE ELECTIONS

THE general elections which took place in Poland, on January 19th, 1947, were beyond doubt the most important political event since the restoration of Poland in its present shape after the end of the war. Their importance lies primarily in the fact that they changed the character of the regime imposed upon Poland by the three big Powers at Yalta, from a "provisional" to a "constitutional" one. The newly elected Parliament, described by the new law as a Constituent Assembly, will be asked to vote a constitution which will give to the present regime the legal power to continue transforming Poland into a Communist country.

Legally, this general election was a fraud. In direct violation of the 1921 Constitution, which the Provisional Government claimed to be still valid and which could be altered only by a Parliament elected in accordance with it, the Provisional Government in June, 1946, organized a plebiscite which decided upon the abolition of the upper chamber, the Senate. Moreover, the results of this plebiscite were forged, and they were publicly denounced at the time, both by the representatives of the Polish Peasant Party (P.S.L.) and many foreign observers. The new electoral law of September 22nd, 1946, passed against the unanimous opposition of the P.S.L. delegates, introduced measures which gave to the Government both the power of disenfranchising the opposition and of eliminating public control from the counting of votes. Thus this election had no democratic nor constitutional character, since the principles and the spirit of any democratic election were ridiculed by the law on the basis of which it was conducted. Making full use of these "legal" measures, only the Provisional Government could have obtained from such an election the results which it desired. Why had the Provisional Government recourse to large scale political intimidation, ample evidence of which was reported by foreign papers of all parties and occasioned such indignation in democratic countries?

The P.S.L. refused membership of the "Central Committee of Understanding of the Democratic Parties" (a Communist-led organization for the purpose of conducting the elections on the Soviet pattern of a single list of candidates). P.S.L. local branches in the most densely populated districts were closed by the authorities, for an alleged complicity with the anti-governmental Underground organization, and hundreds of its most active members were arrested and sent to prison. The only P.S.L. daily, the *Gazeta Ludowa*, and its few weeklies, already heavily censored and limited in circulation, owing to a very small allocation of newsprint, found it increasingly

difficult to appear at all, since a great part of their editorial and managing staff was imprisoned, and the papers were frequently suppressed. This political pressure increased as the date of the elections drew near. The well-known method of *agents provocateurs* was also employed. Thousands of persons, considered as political opponents, were put into prison; many were murdered. The notorious security police spread fear throughout the country, beating and threatening anyone who was known to be critical towards the regime. Why were the U.S.A. and Britain simultaneously accused of conspiring against Polish *democracy*; of supporting *reactionary* elements, and of backing German demands for a revision of the new Polish-German frontiers?

On the other hand, M. Stalin was represented as the only true friend of Poland, who would not let her be deprived of the former German territories she had regained; and the contributions of the U.S.S.R. to the rehabilitation of Poland were given a publicity out of all proportion to their reality.

The new Parliament immediately elected as president of Poland M. Boleslaw Bierut, the old Comintern agent who had already held this office under the provisional regime. In his turn M. Bierut appointed as Prime Minister the Secretary General of the bogus Socialist Party, Joseph Cyrankiewicz, a disguised Communist who together with the Secretary General of the Communist Party, Wladyslaw Gomolka, signed the original manifesto for the electoral bloc, pledging his followers to share solely with the Communists the responsibility for the destinies of Poland. The New Cabinet is composed only of Communists and their associates, but even so the Communists have kept in their own hands the key ministries of National Defence, Foreign Affairs, Security, Education, Industry and of "the recovered territories."

Having complete control of the Government, Parliament and Armed Forces, the Communists, firmly installed in power, can now proceed to the execution of their further objectives.

"With the help of the State machinery we shall create a legal basis, and on this legal basis we shall fight it out with the reaction," declared M. Gomolka as far back as December, 1945, at the Communist Party Congress.

THE LEGAL OPPOSITION

According to the official results of the election, only 28 members of Parliament out of a total of 444, represent the opposition. Twenty-seven are P.S.L. representatives; one, M. Z. Zulawski, the veteran trade union leader, is an independent Socialist.

At the last meeting of the P.S.L. Central Council it was decided by a majority vote to oppose the Government in Parliament. M. Mikolajczyk, in a bold statement frequently interrupted by the

Speaker, made it plain that his party lodged protests against the elections in every constituency because of grave irregularities. A parliament elected in this way, he continued, ought to be of the shortest possible duration, and should abstain from promulgating any laws of a permanent character. The P.S.L. representatives knowing the real force of popular opinion behind them, would play their part in Parliament in order to express either their rational criticism or their support, should that be ever possible.

There is a tragic element in this development of P.S.L. politics. Against the express opinion of his colleagues of the former Polish Government in London, M. Mikolajczyk decided to join the Provisional Polish Government, created as a result of the Yalta agreement. His grounds for this step sounded very persuasive. He argued that Stalin, who wanted to secure a new Poland friendly to the U.S.S.R., had relied so far on a few Polish Communists and opportunists only because no true Polish representatives had been ready as yet to collaborate with the Soviets. M. Mikolajczyk would therefore return to Poland, counting on the support of his Peasant Party, and he would persuade them that as a result of the war a new situation had been created which demanded from the Polish nation a close collaboration with the U.S.S.R. He hoped that the Party would accept his positive attitude and that, with the people of Poland behind him, he would become a most valuable partner for the U.S.S.R. At this price of co-operation with the U.S.S.R. he would then, he thought, secure Soviet support for Poland as well as for his own party and thus promote the recovery of the country. M. Mikolajczyk was greatly encouraged at that time by both the United States and British Governments; Mr. Churchill himself played no minor part in encouraging him to adopt this "statesmanlike" policy. To his own great disappointment, as well as to that of his American and British counsellors, M. Mikolajczyk soon discovered, however, that he was only tolerated with his few party colleagues in the Provisional Government. The real power remained with the few trusted Communists who, as time passed, became more and more aggressive against the P.S.L. He found himself forced to repeat publicly the obligations of the Provisional Government to give freedom of action to the democratic parties and to organize, as soon as possible, "free and unfettered" general elections. Making no headway with the Provisional Government, in which he himself was a Vice Premier, he appealed to the signatories of the Yalta agreement. In consequence, he and his party were publicly accused of "Fascism" and of plotting against the *democratic* regime with the help of *reactionary* foreign powers. Political murders and arrests followed; P.S.L. branches were closed; papers confiscated. Far from being praised by the Soviet Government, he was accused of Fascism by the Soviet press, which inevitably voiced the Provisional

Government's views. Some other P.S.L. leaders tried to represent in Moscow the advantages of Soviet support for the P.S.L. One of the last attempts of this sort was made in November, 1946, by Dr. Kiernik, then Minister of the Interior, who applied for an audience with Stalin. He was flatly told, however, that the Generalissimo was not prepared to speak with him because "it would be tantamount to interference in Polish internal affairs."

In the meantime, the Communists with full Soviet support carried out the general election; reduced the P.S.L. in Parliament to the position of a minority group of little importance; suppressed that party whenever they could and made it quite plain that they would continue to do so. Thus it became obvious that the Soviet Government did not want the collaboration of the P.S.L., in spite of the fact that it was well aware of the support of the overwhelming majority of the Polish people for that party, and it supported the Communists in liquidating the P.S.L.

The much smaller and weaker opposition Party of Work, which under the leadership of M. Popiel, a former colleague of M. Mikolajczyk from the London Polish Government, had been following the same line of policy as that of the P.S.L., was liquidated last summer. A handful of Communists, who had been accepted into that party under pressure from the Provisional Government sabotaged the decisions of the lawful party authorities, prevented the summoning of a party congress, declared themselves the party leaders and, despite the protests of M. Popiel, were recognised as such by the Provisional Government. Their headman, Dr. Widy-Wirski, was proclaimed chairman of the new party, which in order to conceal its true character, added the word *Christian* to its name. As a reward Dr. Widy-Wirski was appointed Minister of Propaganda, a post which he continues to hold in the new Government.

Since the Party of Work aimed at uniting and representing Catholic workers and intellectuals, and the true facts about its change were not given to the public, the Polish Bishops found it necessary to denounce this bogus party in a joint statement of September 8th, as not representing the opinion of Catholic circles.

To sum up, the opposition in Poland has been forcibly reduced to a single party, strong in popular support but insignificant in Parliamentary representation, and that party is being systematically liquidated throughout the country.

THE ILLEGAL UNDERGROUND

The remainder of the underground units which fought against the Germans and still persist in opposing both the annexation of half of Poland by the U.S.S.R. and the forcible communisation of the country, continue a hidden existence in the forests. This takes place despite the fact that the Underground Army, the *Armia Krajowa*,

in short the A.K., has been officially disbanded by its leaders, who decided that armed resistance to the present form of the Soviet occupation of Poland was senseless and would lead only to the further persecution of innocent people. The various units still in being are composed mostly of uncompromising young patriots who, having no legal means of changing the present regime, choose this recourse to armed opposition. Many of them prefer this hidden existence in woods and forests to the risk of imprisonment and perhaps death for the sole reason that they are Polish patriots. Among them are also persons who see no means of finding a livelihood at the present moment. All of them continue in this underground resistance to Communists and a Communist Government, against the judgment of the great majority of Poles, whether at home or abroad. This needs to be made quite clear, since the Communists are continually accusing Polish military circles abroad of patronizing and assisting this underground opposition.

As a consequence of this general attitude, the ranks of the genuine Polish underground are shrinking, and this form of resistance would probably be quite abandoned should the terms of the various amnesties proclaimed from time to time be strictly kept.

The forests also provide a refuge for various ordinary bandits, for a considerable number of deserters from the Soviet Army and for Ukrainians, who under the "repatriation" agreements between Poland and the U.S.S.R. face deportation to Soviet Russia. These people live by robbery, plunder villages and small towns and are a great menace to the population. Of course all such acts of banditry are put to the account of the genuine Underground and serve both to discredit it, and to justify large scale intimidation, not only of the underground itself but of the legal opposition.

The third group of "people of the forests" are *agents provocateurs* of the Security Police, who are employed to discover underground units and to liquidate political opponents. According to reliable reports the number of these agents has greatly increased and whole bands have been seen in action.

THE CHURCH

The religious feelings of the Poles were only deepened during the last war and, as in past times of national trial, they sought in their faith their supreme comfort and the inspiration to continue to stand for their convictions. The Church in Poland is closely linked with the very conception of Poland. This deeply rooted feeling has found its expression in the great devotion to the Holy Virgin, who with the approval of the Pope was crowned Queen of Poland in the XVIIth Century, and whose miraculous shrine in Jasna Gora is the object of abiding devotion. During the German occupation the Church played her role of moral leader of the nation with the same devotion

and tenacity as during the hundred and thirty-five years of the partitions, when there was no Polish State. Bishops and priests alike were imprisoned, put into concentration camps and many of them paid with their lives for their faith and patriotism.

The Church continues her task of moral leadership. The Polish Episcopate did not hesitate publicly to denounce on many occasions the limitations upon personal freedom imposed by the new regime ; the political murders, deportations, and all forms of persecution ; the restrictions on the activities of the Church ; the lack of public morality ; the depraving of youth by drink and by pornographic shows and literature ; the secularization of the marriage law. The Church carries out her apostolic mission of teaching the faith in schools, of encouraging the faithful to take an active part in the alleviation of misery and in rebuilding the country.

The Polish Episcopate has recently made two important public statements in which they formulated the rights and the duties of Polish Catholics with regard to the political life of their country.

In the first statement, dated September 10th, 1946, the bishops declared that "in the present situation, Polish Catholics have no opportunity of free participation in the social reconstruction of the country in a Christian spirit. In order to remedy political conditions, it is imperative and urgent to secure for Catholics an unrestricted and constitutional participation in public life. For this purpose, Catholics have a right to parliamentary representation, which by its political and social programme and its personal composition, would express their convictions and will."

The second statement took the form of a proclamation read in all the churches in Poland on October 20th, 1946. "One cannot properly fulfil the demands of social justice to collaborate for the common good," said the proclamation, "without taking part in governing, and thus in political life. . . . Political life is one of the most important forms of temporal life, because it has to serve the common good. It must be directed by good men in order that they may act in a good manner. The vocation for this life is the vocation of fulfilling the social moral virtues. Morality is the basis of political life, and its condition. Only those who respect morality can demand power, which means only those who understand the essence of the common good of the citizens, who desire this good, and who seek to work together in order to achieve it. Every Catholic has a duty to know the political life of his country, and to take a lively interest in it. Only then will he be able to work effectively to fulfil the duties of the State."

The bishops mentioned no party by name, but it is obvious that they have publicly repudiated parties which foster and support the introduction of measures threatening Christian principles and rights, and of arrangements aiming at organizing the social as well as political

and economic life of Poland according to the pattern of Godless Communism. In consequence, discussions directed at the formation of a party, aiming first of all at the realization of Catholic thought and principles, have taken place. The *Tygodnik Powszechny*, the organ of Cardinal Sapieha, published on October 20th, 1946, a most interesting leading article on this subject. It stated that in a democratic country the existing parties should reflect all the main trends of political thought of the nation, and this was why Polish Catholics had the right to a separate political organization. It was all the more important since Poland was now in a period of struggle for a new culture, a new type of society and of social institutions. The voice of Catholics must be heard in this connection and their opinion supported by an adequate political body. There was, however, no intention of forming a Catholic Party, to which all Catholics would feel bound to belong by the very fact that they belonged to the Catholic Church. The Church had never identified herself with any party and did not allow any party to monopolize Catholicism. The Church was Catholic, and therefore universal, and aimed at unifying humanity. A party which, by reason of its "Catholic" character, claimed to impose a political obligation upon all Catholics, would certainly not win the approval of the Church. Thus it would be advisable to call the new party, a party of Catholics rather than a Catholic party. Since the realisation of Catholic principles was not sufficiently seriously and consistently effected by the existing parties, it was imperative that a party of Catholics should be formed and allowed to function in Poland as soon as possible.

On November 24th, 1946, the Polish press published the text of an interview given by M. Bierut, then acting president of Poland, in which he declared that "Polish Catholics enjoy, and will enjoy, the same rights as other citizens. They can, if they wish, seek separate Catholic representation in the next Parliament." Commenting upon this offer, the *Tygodnik Powszechny* of December 8th, stated in its leading article: "The President's declaration on the possibility of forming a political party for Catholics has to be recognised as valuable, in spite of the fact that it does no more than apply to Catholics the general principles which apply to all Polish citizens. It has to be said, however, that it has come too late. We doubt whether in view of the near date of the General Election, it would be possible to organize a Catholic party, serious and worthy of its name. As a result of this, a parliamentary group which would be an authentic, not a self-constituted, exponent of Catholic opinion will be lacking. This lack will be all the more painful since the new Parliament has the rights of a Constituent Assembly and will have the task of framing within the Constitution, the relationship between the Church and the State."

In its issue of January 19th, 1947, the *Tygodnik Powszechny* summarized

the efforts to form a party for Catholics, in an article headed "A Closed Matter." "New attempts to organize such a party did begin," stated this article; they had not, however, led to any successful results, so that the Main Commission of the Episcopate at its session of October 22nd spoke about the proposed new party in the following terms: "Unfortunately conditions do not exist for a normal creation and effective activity of such a party."

Since the Church is the most formidable opponent of Communism, it follows that the Communists cannot win without first destroying her power. Attempts to split the Church from within have failed. The number of Catholics prepared to accommodate themselves to a Communist rule, such as the small old Radical Nationalist group, led by Boleslaw Piasecki, or the Radical Catholics of Fr. Werynski, carry no weight. The same can be said about the National Catholic Church, which advocates the formation of an independent Polish Church with the Polish language replacing Latin. The Catholic Church is considered by the Poles so much an integral part of their national life, that no attempts of this kind could be successful.

Attempts to discredit the Church on the grounds of the supposed pro-German attitude of the Vatican have failed in the same manner as accusations of the Church's intolerance towards the Jews. The notorious mass murder of the Jews in Kielce, staged by the agents of the Security police on July 4th, 1946, exposed the subversive Communist methods in their attempt to link this atrocity with the Church, and did not influence the attitude of the people towards the Church. The one-sided denunciation of the Concordat with the Vatican only weakened the internal position of the Provisional Government. Catholic circles are of the opinion that a Concordat, which gives to the State certain rights in the administration of the Church, is more in the interest of the Government than of the Church. For these reasons they want no Concordat with a Government, that openly propagates anti-Christian ideas, all the more because in the eyes of the masses it could give the impression of support from the Church for a Government of this kind.

The Church in Poland, disciplined and compact, is as strong as ever and exercises an immense influence in the spiritual leadership of the nation.

ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

The plight of the Poles can be seen in its true light only when we consider the economic situation of the country. Poland came out of the war not only ruined by actual fighting, by the looting of advancing, occupying or retreating German and Soviet armies, but with her territory transferred from East to West and diminished by 23 per cent. and her population physically exhausted and reduced from over 35 million in 1939 to 24 million in 1946. In consequence

of the war and of the territorial changes, masses of people became uprooted from their native soil, and millions had to search for new homes elsewhere, either because they could no longer make their living in their former homes, or because they were forced to leave their native lands, now annexed by the U.S.S.R.

The most essential provision of food, clothing, housing and heating, is still far below requirements. Some two and a half million acres of arable land still lie fallow, since the minimum of essential agricultural implements, horses, cattle, fertilizers and seed is not available. The whole agricultural system has been shaken by the dismemberment of all estates larger than 125 acres, which was carried out hastily for political reasons, without providing the new owners with the simple and necessary instruments for tilling the land. The production of the six main agricultural crops: wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes and sugar beet, has been recently estimated at approximately 42.3 per cent. of the pre-war output. Out of 3,916,000 horses and 10,554,000 horned cattle in 1938 there were left in 1946 only some 1,600,000 horses and 3,850,000 horned cattle. The total agricultural production of 1946, if used merely for the home market, would cover only 64 per cent. of the consumption on the pre-war level. Since before the war the consumption of food stuff per head was low, it becomes obvious that post-war Poland has been so far unable to feed herself, and will still depend on imports to secure for her population a sufficient basic diet.

The housing problem is so acute, that many people are still compelled to dwell in ruins and dug-outs, while those lucky enough to have normal accommodation are rigidly limited to a very small living space. This has, of course, among its other consequences, a very harmful effect upon health and upon family life.

Very few houses have been built since the end of the war owing to the very high costs of building materials, produced, as they are, in the State-administered factories. Add to this the scarcity of wood, the lack of credits, and the inefficiency of the bureaucratic machinery which supervises the building industry. Clothing is very expensive and scarce and cannot be supplied even in barely sufficient quantities by home production.

In comparison with agriculture, a much greater progress has been achieved by various branches of industry. Poland has gained in the West new rich coalfields and industrial plants. Great efforts have been made to speed up production. The output of coal in 1946 reached 47,288,000 tons, which though lower than the figure of 69,339,000 tons, produced from these same coal fields in 1938, shows a very marked advance upon the figure for 1945. Little of this coal, however, reaches the private consumer. Only some 4.5 per cent. of the turnover of saleable coal in 1946 came from what is called "free market trade." Out of 8,600,000 tons distributed for heating

purposes, 4,496,000 tons were given to various Party and State officials, miners and railway workers, as allowances in kind. 9,894,000 tons were exported to the U.S.S.R. at very low prices, while only 4,144,000 went to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, France and Switzerland together. Even those industries which were considered as completely dismantled in 1945, like the electrical industry, have risen again. The lack of raw materials and of transport continues, however, to hamper industrial reparation and reconstruction. Poland depends on foreign imports of various mineral ores, cotton, wool, oil, petrol, machinery, etc., and, during the next few years, of large quantities of consumer goods. She will be unable to pay immediately for all these imports with the few commodities she can export now, among which coal is the principal one. The envisaged deficit of her trade balance for 1947 amounts to \$212,000,000, and this can be covered only by foreign credits. So far, Poland's needs of imports were largely met by U.N.R.R.A. which during 1946 delivered goods to the total value of \$410,000,000. Now that U.N.R.R.A. assistance is coming to an end, means will have to be found to finance these essential imports.

From the point of view of the individual, the economic situation is all the more acute, because the whole economic life of Poland has been submitted to a rigid State planning. All industrial establishments employing more than fifty workers have been nationalized; huge and heavy State-directed organizations have monopolized internal commerce, leaving very little scope in retail trade to private enterprise. Thus the Government controls not only the political but the economic life of the people, and since the Government itself is in the hands of the Communists, it is on them that the people of Poland are being compelled increasingly to depend.

THE RECOVERED TERRITORIES

The former German provinces which have been put "under the administration of the Polish State" by the Potsdam Agreement, form 25.83 per cent. of the territory of post-war Poland. Their industry is of very great importance. Taking into account the production figures of Poland for 1946—70 per cent. of her railway waggons, 10 per cent. of her wire, 34 per cent. of steel cables, 48 per cent. of machine production, 30 per cent. of sugar came from these territories. Rich Silesian mines, highly cultivated land, large forests, a well developed system of communications, the river Oder and the port of Szczecin, play no minor part in the economic life of the new Poland, and her national recovery largely depends on making a full use of all these assets. On the other hand, the Northern parts of the "recovered territories" are not, at the present moment, assets; they are not industrialised and the soil is poor. The main advantage they bring is a larger access to the sea and the shortening of land frontiers with Germany.

It is, however, not the economic factor which is decisive in considering the problems of the future of these provinces. The fact that already on October 1st, 1945, a million Poles were settled there, while by November 1st, 1946, their number had increased to 4,375,000, speaks for itself. Over 1,400,000 of these came from the Polish provinces taken by the U.S.S.R., 1,300,000 from Central Poland, 700,000 from abroad, and the rest are Poles who have lived there under German rule. The number of new settlers is constantly growing and all these people, after years of homeless existence, are determined to establish in these new regions their permanent homes. They work with a pioneering spirit and all foreign observers who have visited the "recovered territories" admit their Polish character. Putting aside political considerations, the question of compensating Poland for the loss of half of her pre-war territory annexed by the U.S.S.R. and the economic advantages, one must first of all remember that after the atrocities the Germans have committed in Poland, no Pole would agree to live again under German domination, and that therefore the re-establishment of a German rule over the "recovered territories" would at least involve a process of re-emigration of over four million Poles. Each day these territories become not only more Polish but are considered as such by the Polish people who make it abundantly clear that they would oppose with all their might any attempts to make further changes in the frontiers of Poland.

The undecided attitude of the Western Powers towards this problem, and indeed public pronouncements of leading statesmen pointing out their doubts whether these territories should remain with Poland, only play into the Communists' hands. They claim that the U.S.S.R. alone will defend and guarantee Poland's Western frontiers and thus that the future of Poland depends first of all on the friendship of the U.S.S.R. As long as the consent of the Western powers to these territorial changes is lacking, the Communists in Poland and the Polish Government will make use of this argument to justify their policy of subservience to the U.S.S.R. and to vilify the Western Powers in Poland.

CONCLUSIONS

The people of Poland desire to organize their country according to their Christian and national traditions and standards. They are weary as a result of the sufferings brought upon them by the war and the post-war period; their physical resistance has declined; but they display an amazing vitality and will to reconstruct their ruined country. They look upon the Church as their spiritual leader and work hard to heal the wounds of the war as best and speedily as they can. There is a great national solidarity and a noticeable tendency to concentrate on preserving their religious and national traditions by educating the young generation, by keeping their

spiritual and economic ties with the Western countries and by enabling the individual person to maintain as much freedom as possible. They are prepared to share in the work of developing and maintaining a sound international understanding and do not demand anything more than to see peace firmly established throughout the world.

They bitterly oppose, however, any foreign domination. They are an essentially free people. They are not prepared to submit themselves to the process of communization carried out by a Government, imposed on them from abroad and considered to be the tool of the U.S.S.R. This Government executes primarily the orders of the Comintern. Besides M. Lebedev, the Soviet Ambassador, Communist agents, among them Jacob Berman, a Jew trained in Moscow and now Under-Secretary of State in the Council of Ministers, act in liaison with the ruling Communist authorities, and have the final say in every matter. To carry through its programme, this Government has embarked on a large scale political intimidation. Its aim is obviously to demonstrate to the Poles that the present regime is there to stay, and that they are completely at its mercy. Only so can one explain the wave of terrorism during the pre-election period, for this was not necessary to obtain the desired victory of the Government bloc, which could be assured by the fact that only that bloc counted the votes and therefore allotted the seats at its own sweet pleasure. The Government probably wanted to show the Poles that it could sneer, as it liked, at the Western Powers, which are unable or unwilling to help the people of Poland against their Communist overlords.

By continually accusing the Western Powers of a selfish desire to impose their authority and Imperialism upon the world, and even of plotting with the Germans against the Polish interests, the present Polish rulers aim at creating a gulf between Poland and the West. This is necessary to prepare the ground for the complete absorption of Poland into the Soviet dominated world. The systematic praise of the Soviet institutions and life, of the "help" given to Poland by the U.S.S.R., of the necessity of relying on the U.S.S.R. in order to prevent the Germans from retaking the recovered territories, and of the other benefits of belonging to the All-Slav Union (the racial political unity promoted by the U.S.S.R.) are meant to win over the Polish people and to justify the Government's policy.

Since it is only owing to the will of the U.S.S.R. that the present Polish Government remains in power, it follows that it executes Soviet desires both in external and internal politics, and that it is considered the most expedient tool for this job. It also follows that the U.S.S.R. is not interested in securing the good will and co-operation of Poland which she could have obtained by a positive attitude to such leaders as M. Mikolajczyk, Dr. Kiernik or M. Popiel

who were all prepared to co-operate on the basis of non-interference in internal politics. On the contrary, the U.S.S.R. proceeds with her policy of turning Poland into a subservient vassal state, ruled on the Soviet pattern by a small disciplined and obedient Communist party, on the lines of the dictatorship of the proletariat. This Soviet policy towards Poland is very significant. A friendly Poland would naturally be a great asset for the U.S.S.R. and would reduce any menace to Soviet Western frontiers. But an independent Poland would not become a spring board for Soviet expansion westwards. Thus, the Soviet attitude towards Poland unveils the plans of the Moscow rulers towards the Western countries.

The legal Opposition in Poland has been reduced to such small proportions that it ceases to be a problem. After a period of very great pressure a short relaxation has been considered expedient. It is more than likely that the reason so many people were arrested recently was with the view that they could later be released as part of a policy of amnesty. This has been introduced to demonstrate the great *clemency* of the Government ; to warn those released what they risk should they continue to oppose the present regime ; and to distract attention from those who still remain in prison, the number of whom could be quite substantial, even if small in proportion to the number of those released.

Whether this new Government will exercise a stronger pressure upon the Church or will attempt to do so, will depend upon the Communists who control it. Do they feel themselves sufficiently powerful to fight at one and the same time against both the Polish peasantry and the Church ? It does not look as though they had this confidence. For this reason, there may be efforts to conciliate the Church and to win her co-operation in matters which are not directly political. But this will have little or no effect upon the systematic anti-Christian and anti-Catholic propaganda of the Communists which they are issuing to prepare the ground for stronger and more absolute measures in the future.

Help to Poland and the Poles should be both spiritual and material. Both have a vital part to play. On the one hand, the easing of material circumstances in Poland will make the Polish people more independent of their Communist Government. On the other hand, the essential thing for Poland and the Polish people is that they should be enabled to survive as a Christian and Catholic nation.

J. LADA.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

ON DISCOVERING MAX JACOB

SHORTLY after the end of the war, I came across a remarkable small volume by Max Jacob.¹ I knew little about Max Jacob, except that he was a French poet of Jewish origin, who had been converted to the Church a quarter of a century ago and had then retired to lead a life of seclusion and meditation at Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire. I knew also that he had been killed by the Nazis in February, 1944, in circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Certain of his friends, Jean Cocteau and André Salmon among them, had succeeded in rescuing his body from the common grave, into which it had been thrown, and taking it back for Christian burial to the church at Saint-Benoît, near which Max Jacob had lived and worked so long.

Appreciations of his work and articles on his life brought out entertaining scenes from his earlier career. One of these, the story that, as a young and poor man, he had acquired a complete suit of morning dress in order to give dignity to his first call upon the painter, Picasso. Another recounted how, at Naples, he had insisted on exercising his powers as an amateur astrologer in the path of an advancing tramcar. And one of his last visitors at Saint-Benoît told how their talks would be interrupted by the memory of a Viennese waltz of 1900, which Jacob could not expel from his head.

The origin of this small volume is interesting. One evening in June, 1941, Max Jacob met a young medical student at Montargis. The student's father invited him to dine with them and during the course of the meal, put to him the question: "What is lyrical poetry?": the son, it appeared, was a keen lover of poetry. The poet brushed the query lightly to one side, and remarked to the young student: "We can't talk about poetry before relations, can we?"

Returning to Saint-Benoît, Max Jacob bought an ordinary theme book and wrote on its red cover: *Cahier appartenant à J. E.* (the initials of the student). On its squared pages he composed the first of the two treatises in this book. J. E. acknowledged the receipt of this treatise and asked for a definition of the term, *sentiment*. Several more pages were added by the poet, in which he insisted that you cannot define *sentiment* but only name it, as in love, hatred and sorrow. Thereupon came a second letter of acknowledgment which expressed the writer's admiration for a "servant of art." Later, Max Jacob consented to the publication of these *Conseils* half-heartedly, and the foreword, contributed by his friend, Marcel Béalu, contains his own reaction to the title of "servant of art," given him by the enthusiastic J. E. "I laugh," he declares, "when I think that at 18 I was taken for a pianist, at 30 for a man of learning, at 40 for a novelist, at 50 for a painter, at 60 for a poet, and now at 65 for a servant of art. They're all mistaken, you know—I am only a smoker who's run out of tobacco."

These *Conseils à un Jeune Poète*, for all their brevity and their concise

¹ *Conseils à un Jeune Poète (suivis de) Conseils à un Etudiant.* Paris: Gallimard. Pp. 124. Price, 50 francs (in 1945). 1945.

aphoristic style, are a veritable treatise on the need of an interior life for the would-be poet. "I will open a school of the interior life"—so they begin—"and I will write over the door: School of Art." This interior life consists in the ability to "discern spirits," to distinguish between the various voices of inspiration that call to the poet from outside. This ability, he insists, you have to acquire, only see that among these voices the voice of God is predominant. "*D'abord exercez-vous à Dieu, car c'est le meilleur fond de tableau, l'unique fond de tableau. Trouvez Dieu d'abord*" (p. 15).

Through this interior life the poet becomes *perméable*—susceptible, attuned to impressions, sensitive and sympathetic. Without this quality, we are shallow and superficial. Only those works will survive which are impregnated with a certain seriousness, which have *density* and *maturity*. "*Un style mâle prend sa densité comme l'œuf prend de la consistance sous la poule*" (pp. 17-18). Yet, this does not mean that we rule out lightness, spirit and fantasy. Not in the least. "The more you compress the nozzle of the hosepipe, the higher will the stream of water rise."

But you must have *depth*. "If you have never been wounded by the world to the pitch of suffering or have never been thrilled and overjoyed until your joy became pain, then you have no interior life; and if this interior life is lacking, your poetry *est vain*. Your experiences need to be deep, and they must be stored and worked upon by the slow process of the mind and transformed into something rich and strange. *Le 'rendu' immédiat ne vaut rien*" (p. 25).

On the use of words Max Jacob has something to say. Avoid clichés, which are the average man's substitute for thought and feeling; yet, if you would be understood by them you can scarcely avoid all such use of clichés. Above all, be *concrete*. Shun abstractions and abstract terms, for these are tiresome and bad. "Love words. Love a word; repeat it; roll it round your tongue and round your throat. Just as a painter loves a line, a form, a colour. This is *important*." Then exteriorise your work; get it out of yourself, as the great artists have always done. "A work of art is a far off island. You go to it by boat or by plane. It is *there—là-bas*, away from you, out from you. *Comment extérioriser?*—that is the problem."

In these *conseils* Max Jacob is never far away from the problem of religion as the true ground and formation of an artist.

Be a soul of first-rate quality. Be genuinely Christian; frequent the Sacraments; go to confession; examine your conscience. The xviii century was Christian. . . . Picasso said to me: "Think of God and do your work." The examination of conscience is the A.B.C. of literature. Pasteur and Branly went to communion every day.

If anyone tells you the contrary, just sum up the value of the person who's telling you that. It'll rarely be anyone of much consequence (p. 30).

And, on the subject of reflection, including both religious and artistic and scientific meditation, he has this to offer:

Make a meditation every day, after you get up in the morning, and you'll have a lot to tell me later about this pastime. This is not time lost; on the contrary, it is time gained. Only an idiot will deny this.

People imagine that all a poet has to do is to compose lines of unequal length with a twist and flourish at the end. But to become a real poet, you must first be a *man*, then a *Man-Poet*. Otherwise, you are

a kind of singing bird, as ludicrous as any pig. The little coteries of young persons who fancy themselves as poets are just absurd. Yes, but what beauty there can be in the reunion of intelligent men, speaking and exchanging views about Beauty like the apostles after the Resurrection, who spoke and exchanged their impressions about their friend and master, Jesus Christ ! (pp. 30-31).

Returning to the theme of art and poetry, Max Jacob insists that a man must specialise and concentrate. A man's life is insufficient to master one form of art, let alone several. "I have ruined my literary life through painting," he declares, "and spoilt my painting career because of literature. Now, it's all finished. Perhaps a good riddance." But this concentration involves *hard work*. "*Au debut de toute carrière, il y a un miracle de travail*" :

Take notes every day, neatly, legibly and carefully dated. If I had written my life's journal from day to day, I would now have as large a volume as the dictionnaire Larousse. A word listened to, then retained and pondered, and you have there a setting, an atmosphere ready to hand. Ah ! What a lot we lose ! What pearls we cast away ! (pp. 42-43.)

This work involves *detachment*. Get away from the fads and fashion of the age ! Nothing is of value, even in literature, except what is true to the spirit of man, save what is abiding and eternal. If it is eternal, you will have the time to say it, and in your own way. Keep well away from the world. Mix as little as possible with *le monde*, where everyone wears a mask.

Detachment brings with it the need for *silence*. "*Eh bien. Taisez-vous.*" Without this silence there is no interior life, and therefore no creative work.

With silence he couples two more qualities. The first is *ignorance*, as the fruit of hard work. This is an ignorance, not unlike the *docta ignorantia* of Nicholas of Cues, an ignorance that is compatible with a great deal of erudition and knowledge and indeed is the consequence of knowledge. This "ignorance" has its crown in wonder, itself the mark of a sincere mind ; "and sincerity is the road to all discovery, in art as well as in the sciences. Suffer little children to come unto Me, for Heaven belongs to them who are like children in their hearts. But Heaven is here on earth. Heaven consists in wisdom" (p. 42). The second element is *chastity*. Balzac had said : "*Une nuit d'amour, c'est un livre de moins.*" Max Jacob underlines this same conviction. The *Conseils à un Jeune Poète* are followed by a second series of aphorisms on a similar theme, with the heading of *Conseils à un Etudiant*. More systematically than the earlier sentences, do they gather together his ideas about the interior life as an indispensable background and condition for the artist.

To begin with, the author reverts to his text : Be a *Man*. A man is an animal, endowed with *soul*—a soul, that has to be fashioned, formed, purified and educated. Before everything else, the soul is *Will*, the power of decision and action. Will is an explosive force, that can achieve everything through the assistance of God and through the aid of Prayer, which itself is a projection of the will and almost a magical activity. Your soul is formed and cultivated if you do all things reflectively and with a certain maturity of measure. *Festina lente*. Develop through love and attachment—strong attachments, fervent attachments. God has no use for tepidity or the tepid. If you hate evil, hate it thoroughly, loathe it, fling it ruth-

lessly to one side. Then his Catholic sense makes him add in brackets : "I am speaking of evil, for I trust that you will never hate the evildoer ; sin you must detest, yet love the sinner."

In dealing with the necessary *culture* of the soul, Max Jacob rejects what he terms the mathematical spirit in favour of the psychological. Only psychology will give you an insight into yourself and others, will make you understand the concrete situation. Again, get back to the *concrete*. In culture, the greatest enemy is *laziness*, not the absence of physical activity (this may be a good thing, for mere activity, mere busy-ness has little or no cultural value) but the indolence of the *cœur endormi*, of the mind lethargic and the drugged heart :

Let your mind be always occupied, with the solution of this or the other problem—God knows everything is a problem—either by the memory of what you have studied or by direct and immediate observation ; above all, by concentrating with full attention on what you are, and what you are doing, on what you are talking about, on what others do or say. Slackness and lassitude of mind—that is both a disease and a disaster (p. 73).

Next, he returns to the theme of reflection and meditation. Thought and quiet consideration are the condition for all creative activity :

It is absolutely necessary for a man, be he pagan or Christian, to make a meditation every morning—without any exception, without excepting holidays, or days of sickness, or days of preparation for examinations. If you are on holiday, this habit of meditation will keep you from silly dissipation. If you are sick, it will cure you. If you are getting ready for an examination, it will clear your mind, and you'll gain time instead of losing it (pp. 73-74).

As to the manner of this meditation, he continues :

Meditation does not consist in having a number of ideas. On the contrary. It consists in having only one idea, then transforming this idea into a feeling and into a conviction. A meditation is good, when it issues in a *Oui* (an emphatic decision or adherence), pronounced by the whole man, in a genuine *cri du cœur* : joy or sorrow, tears or an outburst of laughter. Try merely to meditate upon this sentence : God became Man. Repeat it over and over again until it results in a true conviction. It doesn't much matter what images come to your mind, of Christ as a child or as a young man or as crucified. That has little significance. On your knees say over and over again : God became Man. How long ought this to continue ? That depends on you. There are excellent meditations which last only ten minutes, and quite bad ones that continue for an hour.

I won't go on to talk to you about prayer or contemplation, for I know very little about that, and also because I am not trying to turn you into a mystic, only into a *real man* (pp. 74-75).

The relevance of all this to the Catholic view of the poet's or artist's function is obvious, and it is brought home with the greater force because these various thoughts and recommendations sprang out of the life to which Max Jacob had devoted himself for more than twenty years. It was not the life of a recluse, but just this detached, reflective, prayerful life in the quiet solitude of Saint-Benoît. It is a pity that he did not compose a fuller and more formal *Ars Poetica* ; certainly, it would have been more searching and profound than the essays of the *littérateurs*.

Stress is once more laid upon the ability to discern spirits. Man is influenced from outside and from within. Outside, there are spirits, both good and evil, which work upon him. His particular dignity lies in the fact that he can sense the movements of these spirits and react to them, in the reality of his power of choice. The best manner of judging of these suggestions from without is with reference to the Commandments of God. Contact with God—in mind and will—that is all-important ; to maintain that, it is good for a man to receive Holy Communion as frequently as possible, and also to confess often. "And in this way you become a man worthy of that name" (p. 77).

Scattered through these admirable paragraphs are exhortations to a lofty Christian attitude. There are so many of them in so small a compass that all one can do is to select two or three. *Bitterness*—do avoid that. To be without it is a rare advantage. Remain a child, a prudent, intelligent, mature and sensitive child, but no bitterness (p. 80). It is so easy to find faults in others but difficult to discover their good qualities. If you find their good qualities, you open a door into their whole psychology ; if only their faults, you bang that door to for ever.

Life must be illuminated through love. Religion, too, needs this enlightenment :

The lives of far too many persons are one long chain of dull tasks and duties. It ought to be very different. Men ought to fulfil every task in the spirit of love. Learn the names of people and things with love, and find an interest in them ; add up your accounts, do your shopping, stand in the butcher's queue—all in that same spirit. What is sadder than this mood of drudgery and routine ? (p. 82).

Religion is not a collection of tasks which you have to get through along your life's path ; it is the path itself, it takes in and absorbs our life ; it directs us in our mental debates and problems, defines our actions, ennobles and transfigures them. A Christian neither speaks nor eats nor even sleeps like a pagan ; nor does he put on his clothes like a pagan. The fact that he has his eyes fixed upon God gives him an ease, an assurance and a modesty, a joy and a detachment, a sense of triumph and at the same time of resignation, and it imprints a mark and seal upon his entire being (p. 86).

Finally, Max Jacob reiterates his warnings against the dangers of *le monde*. Beware of people who try to impress you, the *types épatants* ; they are usually frauds or just boasters. It is the quiet restraint and silence of the *type non épatant* that conceals a depth of mind and an interior life. Seek to please God, not *le monde*. Success with the world is either far too easy, and so dangerous and deceptive, or far too difficult, and not worth the attempt :

Nothing good can come except out of silence. For in silence there develops introspection and knowledge of your self and your own powers ; it is in silence that what is outside you will descend upon you and into your mind ; it is through silence that you will acquire a sensitiveness and a true sense of values, that you will observe carefully and justly, and that you will have exact and serious judgments. Through silence you will become what you should and indeed must become : a *man, serious, realist, profound* (p. 111).

A great deal of wisdom and advice, both sound and deep, is hidden between the covers of this small book.

J. M.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

One of the best-known, perhaps the best-known, of the reviews, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, is the French *Etudes*. It is published in Paris and first appeared there ninety-one years ago, in 1856. Before the second World War, it enjoyed one of the largest circulations of any French periodical, whether secular or religious. When the Germans occupied the North of France in the summer of 1940, it ceased publication, though from time to time the Fathers connected with it issued brochures under the general heading of *Construire*. With the liberation of France, *Etudes* re-appeared, its prestige enhanced by the fact that it had not been published during the years of occupation and could not therefore be accused, as certain well-known French reviews were accused, of any policy of collaboration with the Vichy administration. Not only was its prestige great, but its circulation has further increased and its influence become even more widespread.

Among the names of its contributors during the past three decades are those of distinguished Jesuit scholars like Fathers Léonce de Grandmaison, Jules Lebreton, Yves de la Brière, Adhémar D'Alès, and Pères Huby and du Passage, to say nothing of eminent Catholic laymen such as the Comte d'Harcourt, of the French Academy, and François Mauriac. Of more recent associates, closely linked with the Resistance Movement, may be mentioned Fathers Yves de Montcheuil, killed by the Nazis, Gaston Fessard and Chaillet, founder and editor of *Témoignage Chrétien*.

Prior to 1939, *Etudes* was a fortnightly, but it has not yet returned to this pre-war frequency of issue. It now appears every month—at the modest annual subscription of 400 francs (for France) and 550 francs (abroad).

Roughly, its division is into articles, a section called *Chroniques*, and book reviews, the last-named being generally short, factual and relevant. The *Chroniques*, as the name suggests, are reports on tendencies and movements, with occasional sections on literature, the theatre and cinema.

The January number for 1947 had, for example, an article by Fr. Wilfrid Parsons on the *Tableau politique* of the United States, an analysis of the political points of view and programmes of the U.S. Republican and Democratic Parties; the second portion of an appreciation of the work of Romano Guardini, a prominent German Catholic writer, with special emphasis upon his latest work, newly rendered into French as *Le Seigneur* and on a brochure he published immediately after the war, *Der Heilbringer in Mythos, Offenbarung und Politik*, which underlines the one path of salvation for Germany and Europe; an account of the international efforts for food relief; and the first part of a psychological study of the effects upon French Colonial troops of military campaigns in Europe. That month's *Chroniques* included an account of French Intellectual Work in the Rhineland, an appreciation of modern Sacred Art and a critique of the theatre.

In the February issue, among other features, was an article on Pandit Nehru; a plea for classical studies and a long analysis of Religious Education in French "free" secondary schools; a frank yet friendly article on Germany in 1946, which, while it showed a realisation of problems inside Germany, appealed particularly to German Catholics to show a more objective and international point of view. Among the *Chroniques* was a detailed review of *Wartime Mission in Spain*, by the U.S. Ambassador, Carlton Hayes, a

careful report on plans for reconstruction in London, with reference to the County of London plan, and a description from Rome of the recent anti-clerical campaign in Italy.

In the United States *America* is prominent as a Catholic weekly, published in New York, and conducted by Fr. John LaFarge, S.J., with the regular assistance of a team of writers. Among these are Frs. Benjamin L. Masse, an authority on social problems, J. Edward Coffey, formerly professor in the Gregorian University, Harold C. Gardiner, literary editor, and Allan P. Farrell. Other regular contributors are Frs. Wilfrid Parsons, a former editor, John Courtney Murray, editor of *Theological Studies*, and Robert A. Graham, a specialist on international relations, who spent part of last year in England.

A typical copy begins with short paragraphs, entitled Comments on the Week—on both home and foreign affairs—in a lucid, graphic and occasionally pungent style. There follows a series of Editorials, wider somewhat in compass. Then come articles.

Looking through two numbers selected for January and February of 1947, I discover: an article by two Americans back from Europe on the experiences of Fr. A. Röscher, S.J., previously Provincial of the Southern German province, in the Dachau concentration camp—vivid and moving in its simplicity; an argument, set forth by Fr. Masse that there need be no contradiction between good morals and good business; the account of an observer in France on the manner in which strict Party control is stifling the development of true democracy under the Fourth Republic; and some trenchant remarks, with the alarming heading of *Hucksters in Death*, on the propaganda for contraception, that is being spread by Communists in countries under the puppet governments of Moscow. The February issue confines itself somewhat more narrowly to internal American problems, such as the Protestant campaign, under the plea of complete separation of Church and State, to exclude Catholic children from every kind of public assistance, even the provision of school transport, the development of "Race Relations Conferences" among Catholic students and in parishes, and the need for fuller participation in the Church's liturgy.

The articles are followed by a section entitled *Literature and Art*, with notes in these two numbers, contributed by correspondents in London and Dublin, and a challenging section, *Can Catholics Read? America*, costing 15 cents a copy, and 6 dollars for an annual subscription, closes with book reviews and short paragraphs on theatre, film and concert hall.

REVIEWS

OUR EARLIEST CHRISTIAN WRITERS¹

THE appearance of the first volumes of a series of patristic writings translated and annotated by Catholics is a landmark which deserves more than a casual notice. There has been no lack of interest in the Fathers in the English-speaking world, but this has been chiefly confined to scholars and specialists. It is true that last century witnessed the appearance of two series of translations, the *Library of the Fathers*, and the *Ante-Nicene Library*, but these have long been out of print and have been only partially replaced (and added to) by the improved but occasional translations admirably produced by the S.P.C.K. Besides, however careful the scholarship of these, they could not be indiscriminately recommended to Catholics because, almost inevitably, and often quite unintentionally, the translation, and particularly the notes, betrayed the effects of centuries of separation from the Church. The result is that the treasures of the Church's early writings have been as a sealed book to all but a handful of Catholics in England and the States. Therefore, at a time when France is revelling in fresh translations and studies of the Fathers, Catholics in this country owe a debt of gratitude to their American brethren for launching this series, and for thus encouraging that deeper knowledge of the faith which comes from contact with the early heroes of the Church. There one sees the fundamental truths boldly outlined, unhampered as yet by pre-occupations which later heresies provoked, for while these led to the creation of a more accurate terminology, a certain disturbance of balance of the mysteries of the Faith ensued through an over-emphasis on the less central truths. The faith cannot but gain by recapturing the patristic outlook, which so focuses the eye as to enable us to see the truths of Faith in their right hierarchical perspective. So that almost any translation of the Fathers produced under Catholic auspices should be sure of a welcome.

But it is not "any kind" of translation that is offered to us here. The aim of the series is to provide works of real worth which can take their place among the best of any scholar's library. Not only is the balance between accuracy and readability to be kept in view, but the introductions and notes to each volume are to aim at placing the individual works in their historical setting, and in their proper relationship to Christian and pagan literature before and since. Non-Catholic experts may be sufficiently acquainted with the trends of scholarship in their own world: they may not be aware how much quiet but steady work has been going on in Catholic circles, too—work often buried in periodicals, mostly in foreign tongues—which such a series can bring to light, while it incorporates such non-Catholic scholarship as has stood the test of criticism.

The editors show that they realize that such a standard cannot easily be achieved; they have set aside the temptation to rely solely on the present vigorous development of scholarship in their own country, and have appealed to and secured a number of collaborators in England, Scotland and

¹ *Ancient Christian Writers: The Works of the Fathers in Translation*. Edited by Professor Johannes Quasten and Professor Joseph C. Plumpe. Published by the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.

Ireland, too. Such a move does credit to their sense of scholarship and to their Faith alike ; and do not scholarship and the Faith join hands in the supra-national character which belongs to both ?

It was only right that the series should open with the epistle of St. Clement to the Corinthians and the seven short letters of St. Ignatius of Antioch—possibly the earliest Christian writings outside the New Testament.¹ In the first, the firmness of a pastoral reprimand tempered by the sweet reasonableness of its exhortation ; in the others, the restless, sparkling effervescence of clear-eyed but enthusiastic love for Christ and for His Church—these are poles apart in tone, yet both give evidence of the one fire which Our Lord had come to cast on the earth, of the one leaven which was beginning to rise in the midst of the vast pagan world. Both testify to the Church's being indissolubly spiritual and institutional all at once : it was perverse of yesterday's fashionable liberalism to oppose these factors as if they were mutually exclusive. At the same time (*pace* Father Kleist) one can hardly find the monarchical form of government in Clement, nor the Apostolic Succession (as this is usually understood) in Ignatius. Rather do the two saints supplement each other. But, after all, what the translation will chiefly do is to revive our interest in the Faith which inspired those early Fathers of ours at the close of the Apostolic age, and which is far more revealing than the incidental references to Church organization, which have almost monopolized attention in the past.

For the second volume (which has just appeared) we have to jump three centuries, and we find ourselves in the presence of a real gem out of the treasure-house of St. Augustine.² In his day, the Catechumenate might last a long time, but it had to begin officially some time, and here we have St. Augustine showing us how to deal with those who are " nibbling," so as to arouse in them the dispositions required for admission among the catechumens. It is not children who are in question here, but adults, whether educated or not. The first part is an inspiring manual for the catechist's benefit ; the second gives him two model addresses, a longer and a shorter one. If it did nothing else, this little work would give us the delight of a confidential peep into the saint's great soul. But there is far more than this. What was the vital spring of Christianity ? God's love evoking man's love in return—a love which was poured forth in their hearts by the Holy Spirit " that they might be able to fulfil the law not only without its being a burden but even with delight " (23, 41). Our interest is roused in another direction by the realistic way in which Augustine handles the whole pedagogical side of the instruction : not only its matter and its style, but the character and education of the enquirer—and his comfort ; his boredom, and that of the catechist, too, and the ways of overcoming it ; the warnings to be given about the bad Catholics whom the catechumen will meet with ; the love that must inspire the catechist and which he must likewise inspire ; his disinterestedness and—his prayer. Every priest, catechist and teacher will find help and encouragement from this little book of so great a saint and teacher.

The very careful translation (which originally appeared in a larger, more specialist work in 1926) thoroughly deserves Professor A. Souter's words of

¹ *The Epistles of St. Clement of Rome and St. Ignatius of Antioch*, newly translated and annotated by James A. Kleist, S.J., Ph.D. The Newman Bookshop, Westminster, Maryland, U.S.A. Price, \$2.50. 1946.

² *St. Augustine : The first Catechetical Instruction [De Catechizandis Rudibus]*, translated and annotated by the Rev. Joseph P. Christopher, Ph.D. The Newman Bookshop, Westminster, Maryland, U.S.A. Price, \$2.50. 1946.

praise : " easily the best English translation of the treatise in existence." The introduction and the notes show a mastery of the immense material which the translator has drawn on to explain and illustrate the text. Repeatedly, fresh and interesting light is thrown on the practice of the Church in Augustine's day, and the pertinent references are given which explain obscure phrases and expressions. May the series have many volumes which reach the standard of this one ! Its success will then be assured.

M.B.

A SCHOOL HISTORY¹

THIS volume of " The Ashley Histories " provides an admirable outline history of the two critical centuries that witnessed the transformation of England and Scotland from two outlying provinces of Catholic Christendom into a united Protestant state.

The theme running through the book is a twofold one : (a) the triumph of Protestantism, (b) the triumph of the governing classes through their mouthpiece, Parliament. The author deals with these two main issues much more fully than has been usual in text-books of a comparable size. He gives a particularly full account of the most crucial and decisive phases of the religious and constitutional conflicts, notably of Henry VIII's breach with Rome, and of the motives and methods of those Protestant politicians, Somerset, Northumberland, and Cecil, who, during the reigns of Edward VI and Elizabeth, successfully built upon the foundations laid by Henry VIII, and deprived the English people of their heritage of the Catholic Faith. Similarly, in dealing with the constitutional conflict which later developed between the Crown and its erstwhile allies, the new governing class of merchants and landed gentry, the author studies in some detail the decisive struggle which raged round the person of Strafford, leading to the collapse of Charles I's government, as also the Exclusion crisis in Charles II's reign, bringing out clearly in both cases the nature of the Parliamentary oligarchy, led by Pym and later by Shaftesbury, which claimed to represent the people of England and to govern in their name.

He does not mince his criticism of the ill-judged rashness of James II, a rashness which played directly into the hands of the oligarchy and resulted in their final triumph by the Revolution Settlement, the total enslavement of Ireland, and another hundred years of strangulation for Catholicism in Britain.

Although full treatment is accorded to this central theme, the other aspects of English historical development are not neglected. The sections dealing with economic and social conditions, the colonies and the Navy, thought short, contain the relative material, and show clearly the close inter-connection of such developments as the enclosures, rising prices, and finance, with the religious and constitutional changes.

If any criticism can be made, it is that the story of the reigns of William III and Anne is told with somewhat greater emphasis upon foreign affairs than seems compatible with a book of this size, with a consequent under-treatment of the highly important internal political developments, the growth of the Party system, and the beginnings of Cabinet government.

This, however, scarcely detracts from the general excellence of the book, which is in every way admirably suited to the needs of School Certificate

¹ *Great Britain : 1485-1714.* By Oliver J. G. Welch. London : Hollis & Carter. Pp. 263. Price, 6s. n. 1946.

classes. The general chronological index, the date summaries of the principal historical phases, and the tables of questions, will be found particularly useful. Here, at last, is a handy and readable text-book of the most controversial period of English history, moderate in tone, but written from a definitely Catholic point of view. It will surely prove invaluable in all Catholic schools.

P. A. GOODWYN.

EDUCATION IN THE PAST¹

IT comes as a shock to the Catholic to read the words of Dr. Adamson, an authority on the history of education: "many . . . people are convinced that in retracing the centuries, a condition of well-nigh universal illiteracy is soon reached." Reflection, however, soon reminds him that most people in this country are unaware even of the existence of the Dark Ages, let alone have any knowledge of their achievement in education. This book, "The Illiterate Anglo-Saxon and Other Essays on Education, Medieval and Modern" should serve to dispel this ignorance. The pity of it is that it will not. Though the work of a sound scholar and clear writer it is unlikely to reach a large public for it belongs to no series of much advertised handbooks of knowledge. The book is for students of education and for all teachers. In their hands its message should reach some of the many who suffer from a parochial ignorance of the history of education.

The essays cover a wide range. The author discusses in general the literacy of the Anglo-Saxons and of the English in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is a valuable appreciation of Medieval Education. More detailed are the studies of Hugh of St. Victor's treatise "On the Study of Teaching," Pierre Dubois's very advanced theories of education in his *De Recuperatione Terrae Sanctae*, and the essay on the well-known medieval work, *De Disciplina Scholarium*. In the "Plea for the Historical Study of English Education" and "A Model of National Democratic Schooling" the writer has some very pertinent criticisms of modern educational theory and practice. An attempt to answer the question "Who was Asser?" is of interest, not to students of education but to historians.

In the wide range covered by these essays there is a note of unity. While fully aware of the defects and limitations of medieval education, the author illustrates in various ways not only our debt to our ancestors but the most valuable lesson we can learn from them. They had a philosophy of education; they did not content themselves with *self-expression* as a formulation of their end. As he points out, education with this aim will be equally satisfied with producing an Alfred the Great, and a Hitler. Nor did they make the mistake of trying to force everyone into the same educational mould. They gave a scholar's education to the clerk and a chivalric education to the knight. One precept of a medieval teacher runs: "eche of them to be used to that thing of vertue (capacity) that he shall be most apte to lerne, with the remembrance daily of Goddes servyce accustomed." The last words remind us of another great virtue of medieval education, remarked by the author; our ancestors did not forget original sin. They would have nothing to do with the cheerful optimism contained in the phrase, "all children are born good."

Perhaps these lessons are the most valuable we have to learn from the

¹ *The Illiterate Anglo-Saxon and Other Essays on Education, Medieval and Modern*. By John William Adamson. Cambridge University Press. P. 167. Price, 12s. 6d. n. 1946.

medieval world in the field of education ; but it would be an injustice to Dr. Adamson to suggest this is all we can learn from his book. All the studies contain matter, valuable and interesting to teachers and to students of education.

K.B.

SHORT NOTICES

BIOGRAPHICAL

We welcome a reprint of Mr. Arnold Lunn's *A Saint in the Slave Trade* (Sheed and Ward: 8s. 6d. n.) which was published originally in 1935. The title is, maybe, slightly misleading, because after all St. Peter Claver was in no sense *in* the slave trade as such. But it does suggest the problem, firmly tackled by the author, of why Claver did *not* inveigh against that trade as such, but devoted himself wholly to the rescue, physical, moral and spiritual, of individual slaves. His predecessor Sandoval, hardly, if at all, less heroic to our eye, did discuss and protest against the trade. For my part, I doubt if Claver sought to justify this method to himself: in the concrete, it was a far more effective attack on the principles, or lack of them, underlying that evil trade than any amount of argument would have been. Protestants, of course, especially the English and the Dutch, cannot plume themselves on any moral superiority herein, whether in East or West or in South Africa: on the contrary—we, till within living memory, have proclaimed that Natives were not truly men at all but some inferior species having no rights. It would, too, have very likely have led to the removal of Claver altogether from his work among slaves, had he constantly infuriated the traders by attacking their source of gain. Not that he will have reflected upon that. Possibly Mr. Lunn ascribes too much to the Saint's humility, at any rate at first. He really was diffident, and needed bracing not least by St. Alonso, the old porter. And possibly—though we must walk warily—the whole topic of what seem, to us, 'exorbitant penances' and the like, needs to be examined from the angle of national temperament. What Lima might demand, would not perhaps suit Lancashire: nor, in the line of miracles, need you expect in Newcastle what is perfectly in place in seventeenth or eighteenth century Naples. But anyhow, St. Peter Claver, and the galaxy of such Saints who glorify that period, cannot be known too well.

MISCELLANEOUS

The destiny of the Jews ought to provide Catholics with a most complex and urgent problem, yet as a matter of fact the number of those who advert to it at all is microscopic. We dare not say that a 'new,' wholly 'spiritual' or mystical 'Israel' has simply superseded the People and the Synagogue. St. Paul's prophecy in the Epistle to the Romans cannot possibly be disregarded: the Jews are to be 'reintegrated,' and be a most marvellous branch in the Divine Olive-Tree. St. John, in the Apocalypse, gives us no excuse for viewing the Synagogue and the Church as other than continuous: Mary, the Second Eve, does not oust the First Eve, any more than she is in her turn ousted by the Church, Mother of us all. Dr. J. Friedman, a South African convert, is able, of course, to allude to the brothers Ratisbonne and to the Congregation of Our Lady of Sion, but no one that we know of has

written so challenging (and puzzling) a book as his **Redemption of Israel** (Sheed and Ward : 8s. 6d. n.). Consolidated throughout by an intimate knowledge of the Scriptures, he has no difficulty in showing us the early pattern of vocation, infidelity, punishment, rescue of the 'remnant.' It might have been thought that their rejection of Christ was final : but, we repeat, St. Paul suffices to show that it must not be so regarded. And, if the Jews have suffered for their rejection of the Messias, those sufferings have largely been inflicted by the sins of the Gentiles. And one element in the tragedy is that the modern atheist materialist Jew has laid hold of, precisely, Gentile weapons. Marx and Freud, for instance, were Jews : but Marxism and Freudism are not at all characteristic products of Judaism. A tremendous reciprocal humiliation is therefore demanded from each side as a prerequisite of any 'divine event' and of Palestine's becoming a Catholic national Home for the Jews. Clearer eyes than ours may see signs of its imminence.

A small volume, entitled **Patience Worth, Temptress** (Morris and Co., Dublin : 6s. n.) tells the old story of the strange person, who called herself Patience Worth and claimed to be a Puritan maid from Dorset, who had emigrated to America in 1694. At least, this was the tale she gave, when she called at a house in the United States in 1913 and announced to the startled family that she had come to live with them. The book does not profess to be a study of this "psychic mystery," if mystery there was, but it tells the story with the assistance of extracts from newspapers and of the lady's own literary efforts. Why the epithet "Temptress"? This is not made clear.

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